JOHN BULL, week ending February 20, 1943

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIII. 1914

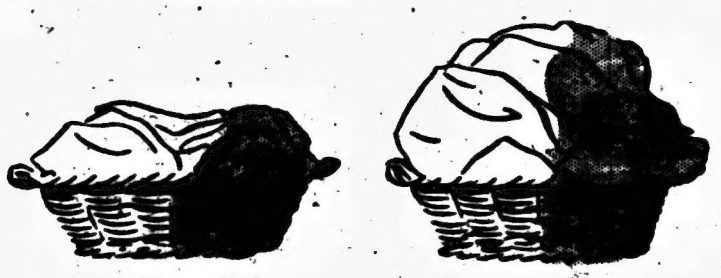
3D EVERY THURSDAY

HITLER—AND AFTER By A.G.G.

MAN U-BOATS CANNOT KILL

THE MENACE OF RUMOUR By the EDITOR

As good as a double ration of SOAP FLAKES or POWDER



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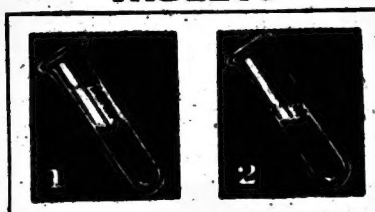
Think what this means! With Mazo your soap ration goes twice as far and your work is easier. Simply crumble Mazo tablets into the water before the soap is added. You'll be amazed at the masses of richly energized suds you get. Suds which save work because of their extra cleansing power. Suds that care gently for even the most delicate garment. Get Mazo today—it's so safe, so wonderfully efficient.



Here is positive proof that Mazo doubles the lather and cleansing energy of soap. Compare the test-tubes containing the same amount of soap, and see how Mazo in test-tube No. 1 increases the quantity of lather.

add MAZO to get extra cleansing energy from soap

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A small milk ration goes a long way when you use it with Bournville Cocoa. It's more than a delicious drink. It's full of the things that build brawn and muscle, strengthen teeth, enrich the blood and steady frayed nerves. And it actually costs less than before the war!

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BOURNVILLE COCOA

FIVEPENCE A QUARTER

(You save on ½ lbs)

Give your family the meal-time drink that is a food as well

The drink you give your family at meals can be a good body-building, energy-giving food. Give them Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food. Make Rowntree's Cocoa your regular meal-time drink from now on.

Rowntree's Cocoa makes every meal go further

"A 100 .. and as A1 quality as I've ever made."
says :

John White

I am pleased to make my famous brands of *Impregnable* and *Temeraire* Footwear to the Government's Utility Specification. Like the official Mark allotted to them—A 100—they are A 1 quality and 100 per cent. value. These Utility Boots and Shoes are now in production and are being distributed as fairly as possible. Look out for them in your district. Even if it takes you a little trouble to obtain a pair your effort will be well worth while.

Impregnable Men's Goodyear Welted Shoes in Black and Tan. Leather Soles

Impregnable
UTILITY FOOTWEAR

JOHN WHITE (*Impregnable* Boots) LTD.
HIGHAM FERRERS, NORTHANTS.

Weetabix IS FOOD PURE AND SIMPLE

All the goodness, all the life-giving energy of wheat is in Weetabix. And the kiddies need no encouragement to eat and thrive on Weetabix—it's so delicious!

Ready in a moment! No cooking—SAVES FUEL, saves time. Weetabix is more than a breakfast food, for it makes a meal at any moment without fuss or preparation.

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WEETABIX LTD. • BURTON LATIMER • NORTHANTS

W.X. 20

WASHDAY "SAVE COAL" SCHEME FOR BRITISH HOUSEWIVES

Target: 1,500,000 Tons a year

NEW WARTIME WASHING METHOD

A SAVING of a million and a half tons of the nation's coal would be made in a year if housewives who boil their clothes every week were to stop boiling! This is true whether women use gas, coal or electricity.

And now here is the new wartime washing method that has been worked out by the Rinso Wash-Testing Laboratories. It gets the clothes beautifully clean *without boiling*. The saving in fuel by not lighting the copper is 40 cubic feet of gas. Coal users would save 9 lbs. of coal.

Women all over the country are adopting this wartime washing method.

How the Method Works

Now the important point, in addition to the saving of coal, is that this way of washing uses less soap, takes far less time and trouble, *and gets the clothes really clean.* Here is the method:

Run off *half* the amount of water you used to use—slightly hotter than your hand can bear. Sprinkle in *two-thirds* the usual amount of Rinso and whisk up. Be sure you have enough water to cover the clothes when they're well pressed down.

Put the whites in first and let them soak for just 12 minutes. Then wash through and rinse. Put the coloureds into the same suds and treat in exactly the same way.

Use the new method for your next wash. Rinso is a No. 1 soap powder. 3½d. packet—one coupon. 7d. packet—two coupons.

R. S. Hudson Limited

WASHDAY FUEL-SAVING GUIDE	
National coal-saving target	10,000,000 Tons a year
British housewives' saving (by not boiling clothes) . . .	1,500,000 Tons a year
Average saving per household—9 lbs. of coal (about half a bucket) each washday—or about 5 fuel units a year.	

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RIDE SAFELY WITH A COASTER

. . . . both hands free for steering or signalling. Ease with safety, in and out of traffic. A simple backward pressure *with the foot* and you brake SAFELY in a second.

No adjustments to make. Just a drop of oil once every two months.

FULLY COVERED BY THE PERRY GUARANTEE

PERRY
OF CHAIN GANG
COASTER HUB
FREE WHEEL AND BACK PEDAL BRAKE

Please apply to your dealer or fitter.

for natural pedalling

Instead . . .

We don't just say: eat more potatoes. We say: eat more potatoes *instead*. You see the point?

Careful planning, lucky weather, farmers and farm workers, subsidies and low fixed prices—these gave us a bumper potato crop.

HOME-GROWN FOOD! And delicious home-grown food it is, if you treat it right! Don't be content with just 'plain boiled' potatoes. It's cheap and it's easy to make many delicious dishes with them.

The POTATO PLAN

1 Serve potatoes for breakfast on three days a week.

2 Make your main dish a potato dish one day a week.

3 Refuse second helpings of other food until you've had more potatoes.

4 Serve potatoes in other ways than 'plain boiled.' Here's one to start on:

SCALLOPED POTATOES

Ingredients: 2 lb. potatoes, 1 tablespoonful flour, ½ pint household milk, 1 tablespoonful chopped onion, 4 oz. grated cheese, 2 tablespoonfuls chopped parsley, salt, pepper. *Method:* Scrub potatoes, cut into ¼ in. slices. Arrange in layers in a pie-dish sprinkling each layer with cheese, parsley, onion and seasoned flour. Pour in the milk and bake in a moderate oven for one hour. Don't use the oven for one dish only. When the oven is on use it for all your cooking—main dish, vegetables and pudding. You can even fill up the corner by crisping stale bread.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1

P.15

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, February 20, 1943,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

C.D.

● **Bombs fell on a London suburb last week. A day later, furniture and bedding from damaged houses was still lying in the roadway—in pouring rain.**

Yet immediately opposite was an empty, undamaged house.

JOHN BULL could tell of similar incidents. We might add that when a lorry is eventually sent to remove the victims' furniture to storage, it is likely to be a dirty coal van.

But we have another reason for suggesting that Civil Defence workers should be encouraged to act quickly and with common-sense instead of writing voluminous reports.

The Fire Guard organisation is still suffering from "too much paper" and too little practice.

Very many fire guards have had no training. Many have no steel helmets. Petty officialdom seems to pay more attention to the need for their leaders to write all messages in triplicate; yes, even in the midst of a "blitz"!

The Ministry of Home Security should remind local officers that it's more advisable for Civil Defence to be efficient than to feed the town halls with paper.

Straight from the Shoulder

READY FOR ACTION?

WE hold the initiative. Now we must develop it. Otherwise the enemy will attempt to regain it.

He cannot avert his doom. But he may delay it, as the Prime Minister has warned.

We must seek to avert delay. On all but two sectors of the World Front the barometer is set fair for action.

Stormy Scene

In Tunisia we have had a bad spell. But finer weather, fighting weather, is coming. And the new appointments are a promise that we shall take advantage of it.

We shall snap the last link of the Axis in Africa. The cost will be high, perhaps very high.

The battle is likely to rage for weeks before Von Arnim and Rommel are forced to surrender, like Von Paulus, or flee, like Von List.

The Narrows Close

Allied with that operation will be the closing of the Sicilian Narrows to the Axis.

Slowly we are **strangling that windpipe.** But we **have yet to bridge the gap** in our own lifeline **so that our ships** can pass from **one end of the Mediterranean** to the other.

Air War

To do that we **must destroy the** *Luftwaffe* in southern **Europe. So far** Goering has lost **625 aircraft since** we swept into North **Africa, and that is a** figure of which we **can be proud.**

We must reckon, **however, that his** major effort has yet to come.

First-rate

Some of the **American aircraft are not** equal to the enemy **machines** they encounter.

We should therefore **endeavour to send** more first-rate **machines to the R.A.F.**—which means still **more intensive efforts** in our aircraft factories.

Storm Ahead

On the oceans, too, the barometer predicts fresh squalls.

Don't be misled because **Mr. Churchill** was able to give **a more reassuring** picture of the war **against the U-boat.**

Remember that he was careful to lay stress on the fact that our heavy losses at sea "hamper and delay our operations and prevent us coming into action with our full strength."

Prolonging the War

Thus is the war prolonged.

Admiral von Holtzendorff may be too optimistic in declaring that the U-boat is Germany's last remaining hope of victory. But it is certain that the coming of Spring will end the comparative respite we have enjoyed during the winter months.

New Ideas

Magnificent work has been done by Coastal Command at sea, by Bomber Command at U-boat yards and factories. In one German town alone, seven out of every ten houses have been wrecked.

But naval experts should be working overtime in perfecting new measures against the enemy that strikes by stealth.

Beaten To It

In the Far East, the Japanese have been beaten to a *temporary* standstill.

Guadalcanal—that one tiny island—has cost them at least 50,000 men and 800 'planes. Slowly we are wresting part of Burma from their grip.

But these are small-scale actions. The Japanese will not throw up the sponge because they have received a sharp jolt in the ribs.

China's Claim

As in the case of Germany, they will try to regain the initiative before we can deal them a knock-out blow on the chin.

Our best insurance against a new Japanese offensive is the despatch of more arms and supplies to China.

Self-bombed

In Russia, the thermometer is low and the barometer high.

So fluid is the vast front of slush and snow that, as *Luftwaffe* General Quade admits, the Nazis sometimes bomb their own troops.

So shattering is the Soviet advance of twenty-five miles a day that Hitler may not be able to hold a defensive line even along the Dnieper.

Back to Beyond

Already the Germans have been forced to retreat beyond the positions they took up after their original withdrawal last winter.

They have fallen into trap after trap. In trying to climb out, they have had to throw away enormous and almost incredible masses of equipment.

The Two Generals

That bodes ill for their chance of starting a new offensive this Spring. It proves that Hitler was foolish to try to hold the Donetz Basin; thereby he invited a Russian out-flanking movement and lost the chance of keeping a Kursk-Kharkov line.

Once again we see that Stalin is a brilliant general—and Hitler isn't.

Unique

The Russian achievement is unique in military history. But it needs to be backed by our help.

Not only by supplies. But by action in the field.

Two and One

If we are to wait until the Tunisian campaign is over, the Second Front may be delayed. Unless the U-boat is conquered, our inevitably heavy losses on land will be swelled by heavy losses at sea.

We have been told that *all* the plans made at Casablanca are to be carried through within nine months.

Here, then, is a call to action.

A call to our workers to produce every ship, 'plane and gun that will be needed to implement those plans.

Then and Now

There is another call—for a strategy of peace.

Washington points out that the present Allies were far stronger than the Axis in 1939.

We had nearly twice as many soldiers and airmen, twice as many warships, more aircraft, more tanks. And we are much more powerful to-day.

Strength in Unity

Had we been united then, the world would not now be bathed in blood. If we are united for the peace, world reconstruction will be possible.

Not otherwise.

Planning to Please

It will not be easy to draw up world plans to please everybody. It isn't easy to plan reform for our own small island.

Most of us welcome the Beveridge Plan. But the Old Guard will fight it to the last ditch.

All intelligent Tories and Progressives welcome Mr. Bevin's Catering Bill. But reactionary Tories, who represent the vested interests, are assailing it with every weapon they can find—from battering-ram to sniper's rifle.

Free Air

In the United States, strange weapons are fired by those who would have the peace rent by a commercial air war.

Mrs. Claire Luce, best known over here for her play, "The Women," suggests that the British are using Lend-Lease to build up an international airways system that would have a clear start over the Americans when peace comes.

Over here, some people are accusing the Americans of trying to "steal the air for themselves."

Missing the Point

Both parties are missing the point.

It is impossible to divorce the military aviation of the present from the civil aviation of the future.

So the Americans are experimenting with heavy transport 'planes. We are perfecting fast 'planes of the Spitfire type.

No Suspicion

The arrangement is dictated by war needs. It is no reason for either side to be suspicious and jealous of the other.

Surely it is a reason for both sides to carry on the arrangement after the war, to organise peaceful aviation on an international basis, to prevent cut-throat competition, and make the air free of selfish national restrictions!

World War Three!

What is the alternative? It is for both sides to start building now the types of aircraft needed for the peace—and thereby weaken our war effort. It is for both sides, as a further result, to stir up animosity and destroy the prospects of a real peace.

"None of us," says the Vice-President of the U.S.A. "wishes to use those methods of preparation for World War Three which will make World War Three inevitable."

Unanimous

All of us must therefore support every step of the United Nations' Governments towards agreement on world reconstruction. It was a wise move for General Dill to confer with Chiang Kai-shek on the problems of war. It is no less desirable that Britain, the U.S.S.R., China and the U.S.A. should reach agreement on a strategy of peace, a strategy endorsed by the smaller nations.

Total Peace

Unless the task is completed before the war ends, total war will not be followed by a total peace.

And we have reason to believe that, by exerting our full military power during the coming months, the peace can be brought within sight.

(Continued overleaf)

"THE PROMPT WAY IN WHICH PAYMENT WAS MADE IS WONDERFUL"—

So writes Mrs. D. Budd, of Horsham, in acknowledging cheque paid to her by "John Bull" following the death of her husband, an engine-driver, who was machine-gunned by an enemy plane in a low level attack upon the train which he was driving.

"John Bull" offers free to every reader an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Invasion, and Bombardment, as well as Comprehensive Household Benefits.

Readers who have not already registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

ORGANISATION for total war will mean the transfer of more workers from their home towns.

And that will demand far better organisation for their welfare than is yet evident.

Homeless

We hear of Durham girls arriving in a Lancashire town for aircraft manufacture, and at five in the afternoon still vainly looking for lodgings.

It isn't unusual for firms to have to ask their local workers, at the last moment, to take the new arrivals home for the night.

Two to a Mattress

At Blackpool, it is reported, two transferred Civil Service girls have had to sleep on a mattress in a bathroom. Another who asked for clean sheets after five weeks was asked to leave her lodgings.

Government Departments cannot escape responsibility; they must guarantee decent living conditions for the people ordered to leave home.

Six Months

They should also see that bombed houses are promptly repaired.

Last August, in a university town, two roofs were set on fire. One family was moved into lodgings. The other—an airman and his young children—have been living ever since with a tarpaulin flapping over their heads.

No repairs have been attempted.

Disgusting

British housing, of course, is still a slur on civilisation.

A Welsh family moved to a Manchester district finds that it must share a communal lavatory—a bucket emptied by the Corporation once a week.

Report suggests that some of the people using it are suffering from venereal disease. You can imagine the parents' horror.

We'd Like to Know

Well, we can't expect a slum clearance drive in war time. But we have a right to be given a slum clearance programme that can be put into effect directly men and materials become available.

Promises, like patriotism, are not enough. Plans must be produced.

Ramp and Racket

Meanwhile, the homeless must be saved from exploitation.

An officer's wife was bombed out and her father killed. With her small son, she is living in a "furnished" cottage, a tiny place that costs her 52s. 6d. a week. Unfurnished, it used to be let at 13s. 6d.

Nothing Doing

She won't be consoled to hear of worse examples of the rent ramp. But in London five guineas a week is demanded for two furnished rooms.

We've been telling the Minister of Health about it for a long time. Yet he still can't see the need for action. Maybe he doesn't read the newspapers.

It's a Fact

His Ministry has even suggested that mass radiography is still an experiment.

Nonsense! One firm—Philips Lamps, Ltd.—has used the method since 1934 with conspicuous success. As a result of early diagnosis of tuberculosis among its workers, three-quarters of the working hours formerly lost by this disease are saved. *And* precious lives are saved.

Idle Doctors

The Ministry should also be interested in the report that Birmingham doctors are so busy that transferred workers can't get "on the panel."

Yet, as local doctors complain, most of the young medical officers in the Forces have little or nothing to do.

A familiar complaint? Yes, perhaps because JOHN BULL has been ventilating it for more than a year.

Under Supervision

The Forces certainly need more recruits other than doctors. Should not Civil Defence, therefore, be pruned still more drastically?

We know a rescue squad near London that consists of seventeen men. Seven of them are officers—and, of course, they've had nothing to do for months.

Breaking the Queue

Lord Woolton has done his utmost to distribute fish fairly. It isn't his fault if many people are still treated with damnable unfairness.

A long queue of women waited outside a fishmonger's shop. A big car (on essential war business, presumably) drew up. The chauffeur went into the shop and was given a parcel from behind the counter.

On the way out, he pointed to two large plaice and was immediately served with them. Some of the waiting women had had no fish for months.

City Stocks

There are plenty of turbot, dover soles, plaice, cod, herrings and kippers in City of London shops.

But women clerks, who return home after suburban shops have shut, can never buy any.

The fish is always "ordered." And new orders "can't be accepted."

Out Of Favour

Some City workers tell us that they have vainly tried to get a fish meal week after week for months.

They find it strange that their "heads of departments" do not appear to have such difficulties.

At a Price

One explanation may be that well-paid officials can afford to supplement their purchases of white fish by such extras as prawns at 10s. per lb., eels at 9s. 6d., and perch at 6s. 6d.

Golden Blooms

The present maximum prices for cauliflowers and sprouts should soon swell the pockets of the big-shop greengrocer. If he sells flowers as well, his coffers should be overflowing by the time the war ends.

For even in Newcastle, tulips have soared to 2s. 6d. each, lilies to 5s., and daffodils to £1 a dozen.

Costly

Some people will say, "If fools are willing to pay such prices, why blame the sellers?"

That's no argument. For we happen to be at war. And the fancy prices paid for luxuries should be diverted to war savings, the soil in which the flowers were grown should be devoted to war food.

Bad and Good

We're even matter-of-fact enough to be unmoved by the news that a ginger cat has been lost in London, just one day after it had inherited £4,000 from its dead master.

We prefer the news that Mr. Goldstone, of Southport, has given £1,000 to buy a business for a disabled airman.

So that lost cat represents the loss of a new start in life for three disabled airmen.

● Much is now being done to find work for discharged Servicemen.

But not, it seems, all that could, and should, be done.

A hospital specialist has investigated the cases of 120 soldiers who were invalided out with nerve trouble. No fewer than fifty-three are earning less than before enlistment, despite the general rise in wages; forty-four have only casual or light work; fifteen are totally unemployed.

The State has an obligation to ensure that men whose health breaks down are not worse off than before enlistment.

And Mr. Bevin has need of every man he can find for war work.

Nurses and Maids

A new start is promised for the nursing profession—including a national scale of pay.

There is a new hope, thanks to Mr. Bevin, of a charter of wages and conditions for domestic servants. Two of JOHN BULL'S demands will thereby be met.

Let us next suggest another improvement for women workers: one that can be made without fuss or controversy.

In Wildest Britain

Lumber girls in a lonely camp in the north of Scotland see their parents only once a year, when they get six days' leave. Used to city life, they are eleven 'busless miles from the nearest town.

They should be given the same leave and travel warrants as women in the Forces.

Canteen Millions

Some men in the Forces have kindly sent us some biscuits, bought from a N.A.A.F.I. canteen.

Small ginger biscuits cost a penny each; small plain biscuits cost a halfpenny.

N.A.A.F.I.'s last balance-sheet showed a surplus of nearly six million pounds *in one year.*

Snobbery

Here's something else that makes Servicemen mad and makes us want to forget the law of libel:

An airman went into a railway cloakroom for a wash-and-brush-up. Asking for a clean towel, he was advised to go to the Y.M.C.A.

As he was leaving in disgust, an officer asked for a towel. He got one.

Dunkirk Kit

There are some complaints made by Servicemen, of course, which are not justified.

One such was recently made by a private who protested that he could not pay a police court fine because he was in debt to the War Office for kit lost at Dunkirk.

We are glad to be told by the War Office that no soldier has ever had to pay for losing kit during the Dunkirk evacuation.

Miles of Paper

You know that paper is scarce. So do we—to our cost. But so many miles of printed matter on high-grade paper streams into our offices from crank organisations that we sometimes wonder whether the shortage is general.

It isn't a question of these organisations getting a quota of their pre-war supplies. Many of them are new organisations which have sprung up like mushrooms since war began, and will be forgotten before the war ends.

Four Copies

Some of them are quasi-Fascist—and their printed booklets break the law by not giving the printer's name. Some, more worthy, send us four or five copies of the same circular.

We wish we knew how they get that paper.

Official Notice

Then there's the Board of Trade, which supplies trade journals with copies of official notices in which they are not in the least interested—notices which cascade into all newspaper offices like leaves falling in an autumn gale.

Paper shortage—or paper chase?

Behind the News

● **Goebbels has ordered withdrawal of Nazi newsreels boosting the *Luftwaffe*. German audiences went into hysterics when they compared *Luftwaffe* activity with R.A.F. destruction in German towns.**

● ***Front line reporters have been recalled from Nazi armies; they are needed at home to strengthen shaky morale.***

● **Hitler has cancelled concession by which "the last surviving son" of a German family is exempt from front-line duty.**

● **Because of man-power shortage, too, boys of fifteen are replacing 'bus conductors and other workers.**

● ***Kaltenbrunner, Heydrich's successor, reports to Hitler daily about morale of Nazi leaders, has orders to eliminate "unreliables."***

● **Himmler has beaten Goering in the race for power at last! He has been quietly appointed supreme Defence Commissioner.**

● **Italian Air Staff must henceforth take all orders from *Luftwaffe*—or no help will be given against R.A.F. raids.**

● ***Population of Rome has doubled in last four months in belief that Pope's presence will save it from bombing.***

● **Trouble grows in Hungary; 80 per cent. of Hungarian armies in Russia have been wiped out.**

● **In Rumania, too, the people are embittered at admission that all 300,000 Rumanians in Russia must be regarded as total loss.**

● ***Mass arrests by Gestapo in Bulgaria of officers and students have revealed existence of anti-Nazi plot.***

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

BY THE EDITOR

THE MENACE OF RUMOUR

As the striking power of the United Nations increases, so does the tongue of rumour wag more freely.

Fantastic reports of enemy weakness, discord and despondency have been circulated in recent weeks.

Some of them undoubtedly originate in the cunning brains of Dr. Goebbels and his staff of propagandists.

Others emanate from neutral capitals.

Beware of them all. Some rumours may be harmless in themselves; some may even have a basis of fact; but others are utterly false and mischievously inspired.

Every one of them should be ignored. An easy reliance upon hearsay and guesswork is nothing but a menace.

When Americans were excitedly wondering whether "that guy Hitler" was dead, it may have seemed a laughing matter to people in this country, who took no stock in the wishful thinking of Mr. Davies, the former U.S. Ambassador to Russia.

Actually, however, there is nothing funny about this sort of fairy tale. It is dangerous and its danger lies in the fact that it may induce credulous people to assume that victory can be easily won.

Far from being dead, Hitler has recently been giving his Party chiefs a special "pep talk" at his headquarters on the Eastern Front.

But *if he were dead*, it would make no difference to the immediate task of the United Nations, which is to carry the war into Germany itself and to wage it relentlessly until the Nazi armies make unconditional surrender.

The war will not win itself, and the Russians cannot be expected to win it alone.

There is no solid evidence behind the rumours that Germany is nearing the end of her resources or that Italy would jump at the chance of making a separate peace, if the Nazis were not in virtual occupation of the country.

In the early days of this war the rumour-mongers were busily explaining that Germany would soon be short of oil!

The Nazis were bankrupt! They had small stocks of natural rubber and their *ersatz* substitute was of wretchedly poor quality. They were short of many other vital war materials and the blockade was squeezing the life out of them.

Scores of similar rumours were in circulation Yet, what happened?

The enemy overran the Continent; threw us back to the Dunkirk beaches, and eventually attacked Russia with a greater force of armour and aeroplanes than had ever before been assembled on a single front!

Probably it is true that to-day Germany is under strain both for man-power and for war materials, but nothing could be more foolish than to assume that her shortage of either is yet disastrous.

When the new decrees, calling for a further mobilisation of the Third Reich and the closing down of tens of thousands of shops and night clubs and semi-luxury businesses, were recently announced, the gossip merchants hastened to suggest that this is another sign of the enemy's impaired strength. But is it?

It might equally well have been taken as an indication of his resolve to fight on to the last limit of his formidable power.

Let us not forget that we have come near to total mobilisation ourselves. We do not count it weakness in *our* leaders that they should ask us to go "all out."

And yet, when Dr. Robert Ley, the Nazi Labour Front leader, came back from his conference with Hitler to address the staff of a big arms factory and worked himself into a frenzy, it was not only assumed, but stated as a fact, that he was drunk.

But whether he was drunk or sober, he was urging *his* people to exert the last ounce of their strength at this crisis of the war.

And that is exactly what we are being urged to do; that is just what we *must* do.

Rumour has never ceased to portray Adolf Hitler as a madman with a weak and, possibly, diseased throat. Now it would have us believe that Mussolini is suffering from a mortal illness, or, alternatively, that he has sacked his chief lieutenants to replace them by men through whom he might eventually do a deal with the Allies.

JOHN BULL cannot tell whether there is even a vestige of truth in these reports.

All we know is that the self-important inventor of Fascism has assumed still greater personal power and is using it, for the present, at least, to get on with the war.

It is not to be doubted that war-weariness is growing in Europe and that some of the smaller countries harnessed to the Axis chariot wheels are beginning to fear Germany's ultimate defeat.

But there is no proof whatever that any of them is yet contemplating the possibility of a separate peace. Persistent rumour has it that the Finns would come to terms with Russia at once but for the Nazi hold on their economic and military situation.

It would be folly to build upon such flimsy speculations.

There is solid ground beneath our feet without adventuring into the dangerous by-ways of wishful thinking. The path to victory is clear ahead of us, but the going cannot be easy.

Now is the time for us to make our greatest effort.

Danger after the collapse of France spurred us to greater endeavour; disasters hardened our will to win.

But we must beware lest rumour of growing enemy weakness tends to dull the keen edge of the national effort. For it is one thing to meet an instant threat, and quite another to keep on pounding away all the harder as the danger seems to recede.

Churchill's journeys and the Casablanca Conference, Russian gains and Japanese losses, ought to be regarded only as the prelude to the supreme onslaught which will call for the maximum effort of our entire population.

So let us place no easy faith in German weakness or invincible Russian strength.

Sooner or later the arrogance of the Nazi-Fascist gangsters will be broken. Sooner or later the deluded masses whom they control will wake to the awful certainty of defeat.

BUT *our* armies will have to wake them; *our* shipyards will have to supply the victory transports; *our* workers will have to equip the conquering troops; and *our* people will have to carry this total war through to total and uncompromising victory.

Even so, it may not be enough for us to smash the military power of our formidable enemies. For we are sworn to accomplish not only the downfall of Hitler but also the destruction of "Hitlerism," which is to say the overthrow, complete and final, of the great Fascist conspiracy which now holds half the world in thrall.

That is no light task. Rumours will not help us to see it through.

We need faith in ourselves and not in the kind of miracles which so seldom happen.

How Many Men Has Germany Lost?

IT is one of the most closely guarded secrets of a handful of Nazi leaders.

And only Hitler is allowed to refer to it—the last time on November 8 last, when he put the total of German dead at 350,000.

* * *

A blatant lie, of course, as all his announcements on casualties have been.

The most terrible misfortunes that have befallen German arms have occurred since November 8.

So no wonder Hitler did not touch on losses in his two speeches to the German people on New Year's Eve and January 30.

He's afraid. He knows the worst lie he dare tell would still stab Germany to the heart.

Let us disregard rumour and check the position by careful deduction.

One thing is certain: that by last autumn, after three years of war, the German casualties were about as high as at the end of the last war, which lasted four and a quarter years.

That fact is confirmed after a careful check by experts of information from reliable sources.

That would mean 2,000,000 killed and 7,000,000 to 8,000,000 wounded up to last autumn.

These figures are based on the known losses among the populations of small villages which are a guide to the cities and towns.

Letters from Germans in all parts of the Reich to relatives and friends in Switzerland and Sweden were reporting at the end of last summer: "In our little parish we now mourn as many men as at the end of the last war."

Some said last war casualties had been exceeded.

There is confirmation in Swiss local newspapers which print reports of people who have been visiting relatives in the villages of near-by Baden and Wurttemberg.

* * *

And three or four months elapse from when a German is killed to when his family is notified!

Four-fifths of the casualties have been on the Russian front.

Our knowledge of German losses in other theatres enables us to make a second check.

Germany lost some 1,500,000 killed in the first year of her war against Russia.

In the ensuing six months, however, there were fought battles which even the German High Command confessed were the bloodiest of the war.

It can be assumed fairly safely, therefore, that since the first year the Germans have lost another million men killed.

Recall the furious and costly onslaughts on Stalingrad, Voronezh and the Caucasus; the more recent devastating Russian counter-blows from Leningrad to the Black Sea.

* * *

From all the facts available we can safely and even cautiously assume that Hitler's war has already cost 3,000,000 dead.

On the basis of three men wounded for every one killed, 9,000,000 have received injuries which have driven them from the line either temporarily or permanently.

A terrifying figure, even remembering that many of the dead must have figured previously as wounded, and that many others have figured in the wounded list several times.

For the German army, at peak, numbered about 12,000,000 men.

Yes, Hitler has every reason to be squeamish about discussing losses.

But, while we can do so—as a matter of interest—we must not forget that he still has formidable reserves.

OPEN LETTERS

JOSEPH VYSSARIONOVICH STALIN, Supreme Commander, U.S.S.R. Forces

DEAR PREMIER,—This Sunday, throughout the length and breadth of Britain, we shall celebrate the successes of the Soviet armies.

For the first time—and not, I am sure, for the last time—Red Army Day will be a red-letter day honoured alike by our Government and our people.

We shall hold a national demonstration in the biggest hall in London. We shall gather in our tens of thousands in all the principal cities of England, Scotland and Wales.

We shall pay tribute to achievements unique in military history, to the courage and resolution of the soldiers who for nineteen months have withstood the might of the most devilish machine of attack ever devised, who have never faltered, have returned blow for blow, and now are advancing as irresistibly as a tidal wave.

The history of those nineteen months is too vast, too crowded, for individual deeds to be remembered.

But its main events will never be forgotten.

The siege of Moscow. How, when your capital seemed doomed, you released the Cossack cavalry you had kept in reserve—and the enemy rolled back.

The siege of Leningrad. How a million citizens perished of cold and hunger while your garrison held firm—and the enemy rolled back.

How the Germans reached the Don last July and grabbed the rich Donetz basin soon afterwards—and now are rolling back.

How, last August, they captured the Maikop oilfields but gained not a pint of oil—and now are rolling back.

How they sustained terrible casualties at Sevastopol because your men fought for every stone of the fortress.

How, from August to November last year, they sacrificed men by the tens of thousands and tanks by the thousand in the effort to gain Stalingrad—only to lose one of the decisive battles of all history and incur a whole series of military disasters.

We shall remember, above all, that your men have drained the enemy of at least 3,500,000 troops. We shall pay tribute not only to your armies' successes, but their sufferings; and we shall be aware that words are not enough.

Soon our actions will underwrite our words.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. S. MIDDLETON, Secretary, Labour Party

DEAR SIR,—What is to be the future of the Labour Party?

Unless its policy reflects the views of the most enlightened and progressive members of the community, its future will certainly not be assured.

I regret, therefore, that ten Labour councillors have been expelled from the Party because they are supporting Miss Jennie Lee, the Independent candidate in the Bristol Central by-election.

They certainly deserve disciplinary action for breaking the electoral truce. If they want an end of the truce, their proper method is to agitate for it at the next annual conference.

But the Party would be unwise to give the impression of iron-gloved discipline and cast-iron rules.

It should allow for differences of opinion among its large membership. It should admit of differences of opinion as to *method*, though not of *aim*.

Again, there is the Communist application for affiliation with the Labour Party. Is the Party to say No once again?

More and more young folk are tending to the extreme Left. Their zeal for reform would make them useful acquisitions for the Party.

But first the Party must cease political witch-hunting and prove that it is more anxious to progress than to maintain a rigid dogma.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P., Minister of Home Security

DEAR SIR,—In less than a month, firemen in a small London station have wired and assembled eighty-one complicated radiolocation panels in their spare time.

The standard factory time for the job is six hours. Some of the men now complete it in four and a half.

I'm telling you this, not in order to say "I told you so," but to prove again what can be done.

Yet "spare time" war work is still reserved for a few Civil Defence posts.

You know well enough how keen are the men to make Service equipment instead of lounging for hours after their routine duties are finished.

You know that such manufacture does not interfere with Civil Defence organisation. The men remain available for any emergency.

Once more, therefore, I appeal to you to speed up the provision of war-winning "side lines."

We can't afford to have any body of men wasting precious time at this juncture of the struggle.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. GWILYM LLOYD GEORGE, M.P., Minister of Fuel and Power

DEAR SIR,—Want to save thousands of gallons of petrol—and even more precious rubber?

Well, I can tell you where motorists go miles round over stony roads when the direct journey comprises a few hundred yards over an excellent surface.

They are victims of those relics of feudalism known as toll-gates.

One presumes that most of them are doing useful war work.

In one district where motorists are refusing to pay the fees, preferring prison, their fines are paid for them by an unknown person. One may guess why.

Anyhow, these toll-gates are a definite brake on the war effort.

They should be demolished. Both you and your colleague, who is trying to avert a rubber crisis, should see the Transport Minister to that end.—JOHN BULL.

Lieut.-General Sir H. SMITH, G.O.C., London, Home Guard

DEAR GENERAL,—By opening your mouth and putting your foot in it, you have provided other high officers with a memorable example of what not to do.

Talking of the Home Guard's tasks after the war, you surmised that "there may well be an inclination for the discipline of the country not to be as steady as it should."

The War Office has made it clear that you were expressing only your personal opinion. But I'm blessed if I can tell what you were trying to express.

Do you fear an outbreak of Armistice mafficking? Or internal chaos? Or revolution?

Anyhow, you were talking nonsense. For I cannot imagine the Home Guard being used against the people.

Generals deserve attention when discussing facts; as purveyors of gloomy prophecies they are apt to appear foolish.—JOHN BULL.

They Have the Stuff that Endures

ARGUE IT OUT
★
By PALLAS

IN the buffet at St. Pancras he looked dazed. Although he was in the midst of a surging, milling throng he seemed lonely and remote, like some detached, impersonal being uninterested in the stupidities of the world.

Some people looking at the man would have thought him a drug addict. In his eyes a certain absentness betrayed the straying mind.

A friend who knew him told me the truth. He was a Norwegian sailor who had been torpedoed for the third time.

Privation and despair, and the agonising experience of seeing shipmates die had left their impression on his mind. And he was waiting for a ship to go back to sea.

One of his pals, I was told, had been in six torpedoed ships—and still went to sea.

Who shall try to set a limit to the bravery and endurance of man? Sometimes I wonder if there is a limit, unless it be the spark of life itself.

The men of Stalingrad endured what most people would regard as unendurable. Something greater than endurance was theirs.

They drew their powers of resistance from the soul; they regained their strength because the great heart of Russia warmed them and sustained them.

And the men who go down to the sea in ships—they, too, draw their steadfastness and their power to endure from the quiet places of the heart. Sometimes they find strength in prayer.

Archdeacon Thomas Crick, chaplain of the Fleet, told recently of a young officer of the Marines lost in *H.M.S. Barham*.

Three months before he died the young officer wrote:

"O God, I hardly like to say this prayer, the first I have uttered since only You know when, and I—well, I am the commonest of men. Yet I can call You Father.

"So please hear an ordinary soldier, praying with all his might for strength to be worthy of the fight, so that whether the battle is lost or won I will be the more worthy to be called Your son."

"Beautiful lines," the Archdeacon called them. They are more than beautiful. They are the very essence and fibre of the stuff of which courage is made.

They are an appreciation of the unworthiness that is in every man, and, paradoxically enough, an appreciation of his qualities too.

They are the words which explain why men endure and perish on land, at sea, and in the air.

The country is proud of its sons. It should be proud, too, of the homes from which those unsung heroes of ours come. For those homes are still turning out great youngsters, to whom the sea is at once a tradition and a love.

The fact that more boys are applying for admission into the merchant seamen's training schools than the Merchant Navy can handle is the finest answer Britain can give to the U-boat marauders.

Our youth, like our men, have the stuff that endures.

HUSH-HUSH HEROES. No. 3

★ *Meet, this week, the luckiest hero of the Merchant Navy—a retired seadog. He cheerily calls himself the "Aunt Sally of the U-boats," but that's just his salty way of making light of the brand of pluck that is bringing Hitler to the dust*

By HAROLD A. ALBERT

U-Boats Cannot Kill this Man!

TIMES were when Captain Eskdale Boyne used to amuse himself polishing up the old cannon that stood in his cliff-side garden. Or, maybe, he'd stoop and twitch a weed out of the crazy paving.

Sometimes he'd get out his "bins" to watch the Channel ships go proudly by, and he'd purse his lips rather sadly.

In official records he was down as "Retired."

Now, in the secret archives of the Ministry of Shipping, there's a well-stuffed dossier marked "Boyne, Captain Eskdale."

Month by month it's getting fatter and fatter.

"Every time I add a note," says the girl secretary, "I'm scared it should be the last one. But Captain Boyne still keeps cheating the Nazis."

For the master mariner who thought himself "finished" went back to sea.

Twice since then he has spent three weeks in an open boat. At the last moment, when it seemed sure the boilers would go skyward, he has quitted blazing ships—then reboarded them and brought them safely home.

"What you lose on kit, you make up on salvage awards," he says, his eyes twinkling.

Came up Smiling

He has even gone down with his ship—and come up smiling.

That was the time when U-boat's "pop-gun"—as he calls the torpedo tubes—smashed a tin-fish into the stern of his ship.

It was, says Boyne, the eleventh torpedo marked with his name.

Some he has seen slither past in the water harmlessly. Sheer seamanship had outdodged them.

This time the ship tilted ceawards, going down "fast as a depth-charge."

"Row like blazes!" Boyne ordered the boats away.

One lone boat stood by as Boyne and his second officer went back to look for a sick man, doped with morphine, who had apparently been left behind.

They fought their way down flooded companion ways to the seaman's bunk. He was gone. Vainly they ransacked the tilting ship.

The water was over the after deck. Any second now for the death plunge! Up the sloping, sea-washed deck ran the second officer.

"For God's sake, sir, come away!"

Something like a struggle took place in the slanting forecastle as the officer tried to drag the skipper to safety. The ship could be felt moving, sliding. . . .

Dived Overboard

Then the second officer ran to the rails and dived overboard. And rightly. In the sane, new tradition of the sea, living men are better than dead 'uns.

He was hauled into a lifeboat just in time. The ship had gone. The men bowed their heads for Boyne.

Time and again they'd heard him say, "I'm not dead yet, boys!"

And then from the frothing, churning whirlpool of the sea that marks a great ship's funeral, a raft was tossed up like a cork. Clinging to it, almost unconscious, was the skipper.

Two years before, almost in these same waters, with a torpedoed ship lurching beneath him, he'd had to give the signal for boat stations.

This time the ship—like this one—went down "fast as a depth-charge"

Seventy men had scrambled into a lifeboat meant for fifty-eight, some misjudging the jump for another boat, fell into the sea.

While they swam for their lives, it was "old Boyne" who jumped in to reach a man in danger of being swept away by the current.

Nineteen days, that time, they'd drifted. Some of the men went balmy, wanted to jump overboard.

Boyne gave them a punch on the jaw. He saved their lives, even though life flickered down to a biscuit and a teaspoon of water a day.

At last they grounded on a strange, rocky shore.

"Ould Ireland" announced the ship's Paddy.

Not a house was in sight. Boyne and four others set out to find help. Forbidding mountains frowned down. For twenty miles the five trudged a grim waste of lava-field.

Tossed for It

They were desperately weak—and the march took two days. Then they found a farm.

One of the marchers had staked his bet to the place being Norway. Boyne favoured *Iceland*.

Boyne won.

And now, again, he faced the sea's rigours of hunger and thirst.

Once they thought they'd been spotted by a ferry-bomber.

Despair deepened when the rescue ships never came.

Once again Boyne's cheerfulness kept them going. Once again they were cast up on the strange and lonely Icelandic coast.

"I'm getting to know the place," Boyne wisecracked.

As he recovered from his ordeal in hospital, he consented for once to drop the "hush-hush" and agreed to talk to an American newspaper man about his war time experiences.

"It's amazing," said Boyne, "I've had the incredible good fortune never to touch a mine or a torpedo. I'm from a Monmouthshire seafaring family and we've none of us had any adventure."

The newshawk jittered.

"Oh," Boyne explained, "I thought we were talking about the last war. I certainly can't talk about this one."

Boyne still stays in the background. Ack-ack gunners on his ships have brought down three Nazi 'planes, and have been decorated.

In Big Battles

"He passes the glory on," says Mrs. Boyne. And she looks out at the lawn. The cannon isn't there any more. It was sent to salvage just about the time when the house windows were smashed by the gunnery of Channel convoy battles.

Boyne was up to the neck in those big battles, way back in '40. Nazi bombers twice lodged their big stuff into the ships he commanded.

"Hit. Shall carry on!" Skipper Boyne signalled the first time, and duly brought the ship safe into port.

With the next bomb, the photo-electric fire bells rang, and Boyne knew his cargo was blazing.

For hours he and his men fought the flames until the imminent risk of explosion caused the vessel to be abandoned.

A destroyer picked them up, but the expected big bang hadn't materialised. Once again Boyne insisted on standing by his ship, with every manjack of his crew a "volunteer."

Red-hot Inferno

With the dawn, though the ship was listing heavily, they reboarded her and Boyne decided to beach her.

The unburned cargo was smouldering. One part of the ship was a red-hot inferno. Sixteen perilous hours passed before she was beached at last.

His men cheered Skipper Boyne. Boyne took off his cap—and solemnly cheered them.

Nor was that all. A few days later, so I'm told, someone with a West Country burr telephoned the local authorities of the coastal area.

The ship's old bones, he explained, had been carefully saved, instead of being thrown overboard, and would someone collect them?

It was Captain Boyne, making certain.

Thrills in the Submarine 'Make-Believe'

IT is just a Nissen hut—the sort that has become home to hundreds of thousands of our troops.

But clever hands have turned it into a submarine that never submerges.

And here crews that play havoc along the enemy's sea supply lines have learnt their job

I watched crews of the future being trained there.

One pupil was an insurance office clerk. Another had worked in stocks and shares. A third, "Jacko," had owned a Manchester newsvendor's business.

An instructor with a rich, rolling Yorkshire accent told them about the various working parts—the flooding and blowing of tanks, and how the ship was trimmed when she was down.

★ ★ ★

The men understood. You are no longer a rookie when you reach H.M. submarine "Nissen," even if she can't dive.

Then came the time for them to board a *real* submarine. A trainer, naturally.

Our trainees didn't handle her at once. But the time came for them to take charge.

A real, fully trained crew stands at its posts at the same time ready to act in an emergency.

They carry out a crash-dive.

A klaxon sounds in warning, the "lid" slams to, the voice pipe is shut off, the hydroplanes are set for an acute dive, the tanks are flooded, and——

Well, I just shan't tell you how many seconds it took them to disappear.

The men soon thrill to the idea of managing a monster steel sausage 40 ft. down!

One trainer submarine was all but sunk by its target ship in such a training operation.

The two vessels were trying to outwit each other in a miniature battle.

Apparently, the target ship had abruptly changed course while the submarine was submerged.

The hydrophones told how fast they were approaching a collision. The beat of the target ship's screw became a deafening roar.

It was a dreadful moment. The two ships must have missed by a few feet.

Trained and untrained crew stood astonished in absolute silence.

★ ★ ★

But the Navy doesn't turn a hair over such things. The captain, indeed, turned the occasion to account.

"Up periscope!" was barked out. He gave the orders necessary for the torpedoing of the target ship.

In theory, it was sent down to sea-bed.

The Navy just carried on.

I saw the recruits learning how to escape from a submerged submarine.

You go into a gasometer-like container filled with water, and are shot to the surface.

A trying ordeal—but away all the beginners went, shooting up, up!

Great fellows, with a touch of naval reticence about them already.

Leastways, they won't admit to any lofty motives in going into submarines.

"I just like 'em. That's all," is what they tell you.

Yet one knows their reasons. They want to pull off the big jobs. That's why they go into "subs."

They've something of the spirit of the old freebooters who used to roam the seas.

V. B.

HITLER—AND AF

By A. G. GARDINER

I DID not hear the frenzied broadcast of Ley to the factory workers of Germany, but judging from the reports it must have caused as much panic in Germany as it gave amusement here.

Its purpose was revealed in the maudlin hysteria in which it culminated.

No matter what happened to "you—me—anybody" they would still "pull the devil himself out of hell" if only they stuck to their "beloved" Fuehrer.

But the "beloved Fuehrer" is finished. The idol is broken. Stalingrad has dealt Hitler his death blow.

All the king's horses and all the king's men will never stand that colossal imposter on his feet again.

The trouble is what to do, so to speak, with the body. Goebbels, Goering and the rest of the gangsters who have battened on the Hitler legend are at their wits' end how to break the truth to the people.

They have seen the writing on the wall ever since last winter.

They have seen that the "guy" they had elevated into a god was tottering, and with their hallelujahs to the great leader who was always right there began to mingle hints that they were preparing to rat from him in the hope of saving their own skins.

With the catastrophic happenings in North Africa and the Caucasus last November they knew the game was up and the mighty tragedy of Stalingrad has rung down the Hitler curtain finally.

HITLER IS NO LONGER A NAME TO CONJURE WITH. IT IS THE NAME OF A ROGUE WHO HAS BEEN FOUND OUT, WHO HAS FAILED AND WHO HAS BROUGHT GERMANY TO THE BRINK OF IRREPARABLE RUIN.

In their dilemma the Nazi rump have violently reversed their propaganda strategy.

The discredited miracle-monger is kept in the background. He is not yet openly thrown to the dogs. That would be too drastic a shock to the public morale.

Moreover, if he crashed too dramatically he would bring the whole Nazi fabric to the ground.

It was to prevent such a catastrophe as this that the Gestapo put the nation in irons, and while Himmler keeps his stranglehold on Germany the Hitler fiction will be kept up.

But the object now is not to inflate the people with the prospect of swift and certain victory or indeed victory at all. Instead, it is to fill the nation with fear.

Terror, which was the instrument of the early triumphs abroad, is now employed to frighten the people into obedience at home.

The calamities which have befallen the German arms are no longer concealed or denied. They are proclaimed. They are glorified.

They are publicly mourned as the sacrifices which the chivalrous German people have been called upon to make to save Europe and the world from the bogy of Bolshevism.

In this heroic struggle Germany has been "stabbed in the back" by the teacherous British and Americans and now stands alone with her ally Italy against the tidal wave of wickedness that threatens to engulf her!

We may smile at this *tour de force* of lying, but we must not assume that it will be ineffective. It has two objects. The first is to divert the German mind from the failure of the criminals themselves.

The second is to reduce the German people to such a condition of fear that they will submit to the ruthless "law of harshness" which the criminals in their desperation are now imposing on them.

And with our experience of the sheeplike docility of the German people, we we may expect that the criminals will succeed for a time.

★ ★ ★

BUT ONLY FOR A TIME. GANGSTERISM IS AT BAY. AND GANGSTERISM AT BAY IS DOOMED. IT IS AT BAY NOT ONLY IN GERMANY. MUSSOLINI'S DISMISSAL OF THE TWO CHIEF PILLARS OF HIS SYSTEM SHOWS HOW NEAR HE IS TO THE END OF HIS TETHER.

When people like Grandi and Ciano can no longer be relied on, the situation is desperate, indeed.

And even in the Pacific the tide has begun to turn against gangsterism. The evacuation of Guadalcanal by the Japanese is, in its way, as significant as Stalingrad or Tripoli.

It is Tojo's first confession of a major defeat—the first decisive notice to quit yet served upon him.

And it is not only that the gangsters are cracking individually. They are in dissolution collectively. As the organisation of the United Nations strengthens, that of the Axis weakens.

The one strengthens because it has a common, indivisible cause. The other weakens because it has only separate, predatory interests.

Now that trouble has come, and the outlook has darkened, Tojo turns a deaf ear to the appeals of Hitler and Mussolini, and the

His Spies Are in a Quandary!

NEVER before in history was any German Government so desperately in need of information.

Yet never has any Intelligence Service let a Government down so badly.

Place yourself in the position of Hitler or whoever is just now responsible for Germany's major military and diplomatic decisions!

Looking back over only a few months, he must remember blunders which can only be explained by inadequate Intelligence.

Rommel, surely, would not have shouted his head off and threatened to reach Alexandria only a few weeks before he was beaten had he been correctly informed about the strength of the Eighth Army.

★ ★ ★

The Anglo-American invasion fleet—the "greatest armada in the history of the war"—sailed to North Africa undiscovered by any of Germany's shipping spies.

Then followed the German lack of information about Russian plans to relieve Stalingrad and to mount the terrific offensive of the last few weeks.

These failures are not just isolated incidents.

Their Italian ally provides them with a big problem. Things have been happening in Italy which neither Ribbentrop nor his chief spy Canaris could explain.

How they tried to find out the nature of the mission which led President Roosevelt's special ambassador Taylor to the Vatican!

A host of rumours followed the visit, but Germany has been uneasy about it ever since.

Hitler could have little doubt that Mussolini had implacable enemies inside Italy, men like Marshal Badoglio and other leading personalities in court circles.

To facilitate his probe he obtained special permission from Mussolini to elevate Ehrich, gauleiter of the German colony in Italy and foremost Nazi spy there, to diplomatic rank.

★ ★ ★

In the early stages of the war Hitler employed a special division of the Wehrmacht, the "Rumour Division," solely for the purpose of rattling the nerves of the then neutral States, moving it from frontier to frontier as if it was poised for attack.

Mr. Churchill, single-handed, has achieved more than the whole of that fabulous division.

His journeys have thrown the German Intelligence Service completely out of gear.

If they had planned to attack Turkey with ten divisions, Churchill's trip to Adana must make them wonder whether they might not need twenty or more for that purpose.

Yet while Churchill held his conversations with the leaders of Turkey, Hitler's spy and diplomatic representative, Herr von Papen, was on a ski-ing expedition!

Finland's reported approaches to Russia for a separate peace are another puzzle for Hitler's spies.

And what has been happening on the Iberian Peninsula?

For days German diplomatic and military spokesmen have been throwing out radio hints with the intention of drawing information.

They issued statements and were forced to withdraw them when denials came from Spain. They twisted the news and strained their ears in an almost pathetic attempt to get a glimmer of what was going on.

But there is evidence, irrefutable evidence, that even inside Germany the Nazi system of organised espionage, the whole big army of Nazi "Peeping Toms," is slipping.

That is why a successor to Heydrich has only just now been appointed.

★ ★ ★

Heydrich was the spy within the Nazi Party. And his successor, Dr. Kaltenbrunner, has been chosen from outside the ranks of Nazi old-timers so that he could, more independently, spy even on Hitler's closest associates.

Yet, even if he can find an answer to all these questions, there remains the most baffling problem of all.

Where will the big decisive offensive of the United Nations be launched?

Wouldn't Hitler like to know!

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

TER

atred of the Italians for the Germans increases as they see their country made a mere rash-pot for Berlin.

When I think of the foundations of victory, I think not only of the commanding material ascendancy we have now established over the Axis. Not less important is the moral ascendancy represented by the leadership of the belligerents.

On the one side Churchill, Roosevelt, talin and Chiang Kai-shek: on the other itler, Mussolini and Tojo.

On the one side good faith, high purpose, nflexible loyalty to the common cause: on he other the code of the gangster, lies, reachery and the gospel of the bandit.

And as the leaders are, so are the peoples f whom they are the authentic expression.

NEVER IN HISTORY HAVE FOUR GREAT NATIONS BEEN WELDED TOGETHER MORE INDISSOLUBLY THAN AMERICA AND RUSSIA, BRITAIN AND CHINA ARE TO-DAY.

Never has the motive of unity been so ure, so disinterested, so resolute.

On the other side there is no bond of nion, except the brittle bond of self-interest. he Italians hate the Germans. The ermans scorn the Italians.

The Japanese hate both, for both are embers of that white race from which it is he Japanese purpose to snatch the dominion, ot of Asia only, but of the whole earth.

Can one doubt on which side in this great rgument the moral balance lies? And in he ultimate decisions of war, as Napoleon imself declared, it is the moral factors that urn the scale.

★ ★ ★

The scale has already turned, and it has urned most emphatically in the crucial heatre of the war. Of that fact there is no ore convincing proof than the final pricking f Hitler's bubble reputation.

That is the prelude to victory. The destruction of the Hitler legend was the essential preliminary to the destruction of the German conspiracy to conquer the world.

The legend is now destroyed. It will never e reinflated. That "fabric of a vision, the loud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces" hich Hitler dangled before his infatuated orshippers has gone.

And Germany knows that it is gone. It as faded to the dimensions of a prison with scaffold for its author within the prison alls.

THERE IS STILL STERN WORK BEFORE US. GERMANY, EVEN IN DEFEAT AND DISILLUSION, WILL BE A MIGHTY ANTAGONIST TO OVERCOME.

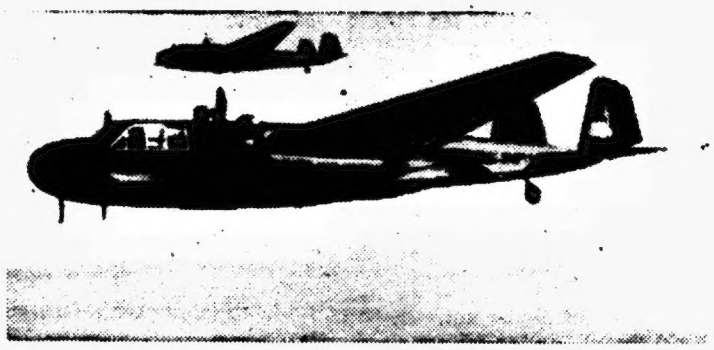
Her resources are still immense, and as itler fades from the scene, more sane and herefore no less dangerous brains will take ontrol.

But the hour of deliverance has come. e have one goal—"unconditional surender." We await the fulfilment of Casablanca's marching orders.

And, as Mr. Churchill has pledged, those rders will be fulfilled, whatever the cost, for nly by their fulfilment can the Prussian terror hat has overshadowed Europe for a century e finally lifted and the future made secure for ree men in a free world.

★ What's gone wrong with Japan's Air Force? After startling the world with the power and sting of their attacks when they entered the war their flyers have slipped back to comparative feebleness and those in a position to judge say that the unmistakable deficiency is increasing

Tojo's Air Force is Caught Out



Here are some of the big bombers that struck such devastating blows in the early days

FOR some little time United Nations airmen have noticed that the Nipponese pilots do not display the skill and determination which was characteristic of their air force when it first went into battle.

In those days the handful of Allied airmen who held off the Japanese blows formed a high opinion of the new enemy.

But it had taken time to train those high-standard aviators. Years before Japan launched her treacherous attack on Pearl Harbour German and Italian instructors had picked the cream of Japanese youth and coached them carefully.

Best Pilots "Removed"

Their work produced results. Their youthful cadets were turned into a powerful spearhead, a group of skilled and death-defying airmen. These were the "Pearl Harbour back-stabbers."

But however successful the earlier attacks were, they tore wide gaps in the ranks of the Japanese air elite. And subsequent engagements with the Allied Air Forces carried on that process of elimination until much of the cream of Japan's airmen was "removed."

It then appeared that the rank and file of the Eastern enemy's pilots was anything but first-class. Although the Naval Air Service continue to produce some very good fighting men, Japan's army air force has lost its sting.

There was a Jap lad of about nineteen who was captured by the Australians after his 'plane had crashed in the jungle. The attitude of this young Japanese pilot provides us with a good illustration of the deficiency of their air force.

He was frightfully nervous when taken prisoner.

That was not the death-defying, heroic Japanese Samurai whom the Allied airmen had learned to respect. He was not a first-class pilot whom a real powerful air force would be expected to send into battle.

By judicious questioning, it was discovered that he did not even know to what target his squadron was flying when his machine was destroyed. Only the squadron-leader knew the objective when they set off from base, giving his men their orders to attack—by firing his guns!—when the target had been reached.

Lack of Instructors

That is just one example, but a very significant one. From other similar incidents it can be gathered what is happening inside the Japanese air force.

The German and Italian instructors have long been withdrawn. Though they had produced effective airmen, there were not enough experienced Japanese instructors left to carry on the intensive coaching methods which they had introduced.

And now poorly trained and unreliable Japanese boys are sent into combat with the veterans of the United Nations.

You may be sure, of course, that, after the pre-war under-estimate of Japan's air strength, the experts have not jumped to conclusions this time.

But the Japanese Army and Air Command themselves provide evidence for deficiencies of which Allied airmen have learned from experience.

The Japs are not happy about the progress of their vital army-air-force co-operation. Only recently new plans were laid and manœuvres carried out to ensure that co-operation should, at least, develop in the future.

Nukada, chief of the Japanese Military Academy, stressed the need of such co-operation, but his current efforts are small consolation for the Japanese infantry which is taking a terrific battering from Allied fighter-pilots and sorely misses the protecting "umbrella" of its own air force.

Yet even when the Japanese air force is on the spot, Allied air observers have noticed some curious results of typical Japanese morale-boosting—which had the opposite effect.

Sooner Die Than "Fight"

Instead of turning their men into heroes by telling them that they would be tortured or murdered when captured by the Allies, Japanese instructors have turned out a lot of defeatist death-candidates.

On many occasions Japanese airmen have jumped to voluntary death rather than face a scrap with their opponents. They have uselessly sacrificed their lives in deliberate crashes against targets which more balanced pilots would have bombed.

But the Japanese won't take the risk of being captured and thus lose the chance to get away alive.

The undoubted shortage of skilled pilots hits Japan harder than possibly any of the other Axis countries, because of her wide-flung fronts.

Think only of the vast areas which Japan has conquered in the first on-rush, of the scores of islands which only air-power can link into an effective defence system, of the many thousands of square miles which can only be controlled through the air.

And, apart from the shortage of pilots, there is the question of 'planes.

Before the war, Dr. Dagenfuehr, the official Nazi aircraft statistician, disclosed that Japanese aircraft production was not sufficient to cope with the problems of a major war.

Originally it was estimated that the entire output of Japanese production was not more than 2,500 aircraft per year. That is a ridiculously low figure!

Taken Control

But it is known that the position has been improved. Leading Japanese aircraft factories have been reorganised and the famous Mitsubishi Yukogyo Company, for instance, has taken over control of the Nagasaki steel-works from which it obtains much material.

Other major schemes of reorganisation have been carried out, but it would not seem possible that production could have been multiplied to compete with Allied output.

Now that most of the original fine aircraft of peace time manufacture have been destroyed, together with the pilots who flew them, it appears that the quality of Japanese aircraft has deteriorated.

The least that can be said by a careful observer is that construction and design of the latest types of Japanese 'planes suggest a serious shortage of certain material.

Aircraft with noses of plain window-glass instead of splinter-proof material are not the exception among Japanese 'planes brought down.

Allied tactics are, of course, taking account of these weaknesses. Our airmen are giving the Japanese air force no respite.

Can it be Done?

Make no mistake, though! While these weaknesses are apparent, there is also evidence that Japan is frantically trying to remedy them.

But it will take time.

Can the leeway be made up before the United Nations strike their great blow?

Cold, hard facts, coupled with the growing Allied offensive, suggest that it is very doubtful—to say the least

PLAUSIBLE HUMBUG WHO NEEDS CURBING

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' COMMENTS

A GREAT movement for the uplifting of Youth is the proud aim of Mr. George Morris, Lavender Hill, London, S.W.11, who is described, among other things, as "The Boy Organiser."

He is Chairman of the Ted-Mor Boys' Club, which has used many addresses during the past few years, and more recently started a concern called The Ted-Mor Evacuated Boys' Club, of Chertsey, Surrey.

The objects are splendid. Mr. Morris sets out to provide cheery evenings for lads—thus keeping them off the streets and from mixing with bad company—to derive benefit and learning from lectures by noted people and to provide holidays and recreation.

So wide is the affection held for him by countless lads, we are told, that he has become known as "The King of the Kids" to a wide circle of supporters.

In reality, however, he is a plausible humbug who is constantly appealing for money by representations that do not hold water when put to the test.

Mis-used Names

He often claims the patronage of famous people in carrying out his remarkable operations.

He does this on the strength of donations he has been able to obtain from them, and more than once has been requested to stop making use of certain names.

Even members of the Royal Family are among those whose names he has misused.

Quite recently, for example, in a way that inferred close association in the past, he asserted that he had attended the memorial service to the late Duke of Kent "by special invitation."

This is quite untrue.

Similarly, some little time ago, during a speech he made at the opening of one of his so-called "Youth enterprises," he stated dramatically that he had been received at St. James's Palace because of his work for boys.

He and others attended there one day to present samples of the work done by lads at the Ted-Mor Club. The gifts were duly accepted.

This casual visit was transformed by Mr. Morris into his having been "received at St. James's Palace," and later he added that his organisation was "Under Royal Patronage."

Appeals for funds are sent round by Mr. Morris to people of title and to the directors of large firms in various parts of the country.

His Methods

He has a somewhat unique way of making such appeals, too. He approaches people with a written request that they will honour him by a personal visit to his club on a certain date either to attend a special function, or to make a "little speech to the boys," or to give away certain prizes.

He adds that if the request cannot be granted, could the movement be blessed by a donation towards the funds?

Many important business men and titled people have been induced to send donations. Some have then found that the appeals become somewhat constant and on making inquiries have regretted their earlier responses and refused to have anything more to do with him.

For they learned that Mr. Morris's organisation has been frowned upon by reputable charity bodies for many years.

One is a famous provision merchant who was asked several times to go down to the club and to become an official. He originally gave £10 to Mr. Morris "to buy a shed for use of his boys."

Then he gave further sums towards cost of tea-parties for the lads, and a cup as a boxing prize, and so on.

When he finally made inquiries, he discovered that no proper balance-sheets were issued, and that the work carried out by Mr. Morris was nothing like so extensive as he pretended.

A certain Viscount, who good-naturedly attended one of Mr. Morris's functions in the belief that he was conducting a properly recognised charity for the betterment of youth, handed Mr. Morris a cheque on the spot and dismissed his good deed from his mind.

He next heard, with a shock, that "The Boy Organiser" had made arrangements to inaugurate a branch of his movement at Newton Longville, near Bletchley, Bucks, and in a public speech delivered in a hall crowded by local boys and their parents, had given the Viscount's name as a supporter, whose generosity had made his local club possible!

Morris was promptly ordered to refrain from further misusing the nobleman's name.

During the same speech, Mr. Morris made many statements which were quite untrue and, inferring that several highly placed people were among his patrons, suggested that there were 15,000 boys now under his wing.

His operations became so unorthodox in the district that a committee was eventually set up by the local vicar and by the Newton Longville School Parents' Association, to find out exactly who this great Youth Organiser was.

As a result, there was a great hubbub there, and Mr. Morris's much-blazoned venture was ingloriously closed down.

One of the people who publicly denied that he gave permission for his name to be used there was a banker who knew no more about it than that he had been visited at his office by a messenger with an appeal for money to which he had succumbed.

Again, when Mr. Morris opened his alleged "Evacuation" club at Chertsey, local inquiries were soon being made about his methods.

One very objectionable practice favoured by Mr. Morris has been to hold services in memory of well-known people, said to be patrons, who had recently died, and whose name he proposed to cherish by presentation of a memorial tablet.

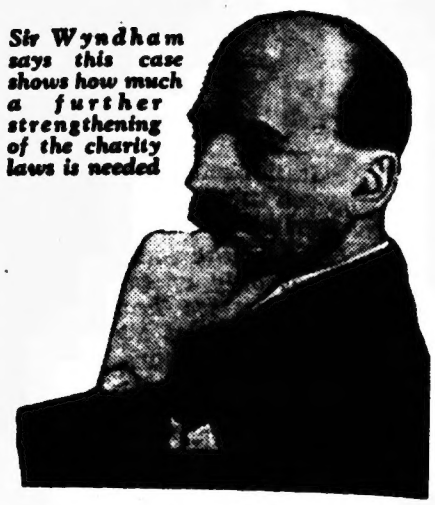
One famous man, hearing that a service was to be held in memory of his wife, acted resolutely and succeeded in getting it cancelled at the eleventh hour.

No Real Club

He talks about some titled people as though they are among his bosom friends!

He once ran the "Ted-Mor Club Room." Inquiries showed that there was no real club in existence then, but that the address he was using was that of a local organisation he visited.

His next venture was conducted from a converted stable and, following complaints, he promised to make no further appeals for money.



Sir Wyndham says this case shows how much a further strengthening of the charity laws is needed

Just how this promise has been kept I have clearly described. His appeals and operations are actually spreading.

Those Loopholes

As his organisation does not come within the meaning of a War Charity, it is not compelled to register or to submit audited accounts. So no one can tell the true extent of his work or the amount of his income and how it is expended.

That's why the present charity laws, although they have lately been amended, still leave much to be desired, and should be further revised and strengthened.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. C. Charles, Somerset Road, Newport, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

Letters are appreciated with information about any ramp or scandal needing inquiry. Address: JOHN BULL, *93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

SWAFFER TELLS YOU . . .

ARE MORE CRIPPSES WANTED?

● Many ask me that.

They see politicians with axes to grind or else bound to some clique or vested interest. Sir Stafford, they sense, has the broader view.

That, certainly, is true. But, if there were twenty Crippses, how long would they agree? Unity of policy, as well as unity of purpose, is needed for the accomplishment of political aims.

Cripps has all the qualities of a high-souled and unselfish man. He has sacrificed a large income—even when he earned it he gave a great deal of it away—in the service of his country, and he has at least twice endangered his future in public life, in recent months, by accepting jobs in which, he must have guessed, he would fail.

But he has disagreed even with his most ardent intimates.

Although I admire him immensely, I change my mind about him every few months.

I have seen him with the ball at his feet. I have seen him kick it away.

Sometimes, even now, I see him as a national leader. Then I ask: "But who is he going to lead? For he does not even lead himself."

ARE WE NATIONALLY LAZY?

● "I can understand vested interests opposing the New World idea," writes a reader, "but I cannot understand why so many of the common folk will not bestir themselves to get it."

Yes, the English have lazy minds. Their refusal, in the past, to see the troubles facing them has sometimes resulted in the troubles solving themselves.

But those were not such urgent days. It is a time for action.

Now, when the Old System has collapsed, the need for rebuilding in the national field is as pressing as it is in the bombed areas.

Yet the electorate—largely, perhaps, because of the Party truce—seems restive but not resolute. It is letting matters slide. Days pass. Weeks go by. Months follow one another.

Because of our lazy minds, there is no challenge to the Future, no unified demand for that New Order that would enfranchise all mankind.

Surely, the Peyrouton mess is warning enough. Already we are supping with the Devil—and with a very short spoon.

WHAT EXACTLY IS THE CATERING BILL?

● "Can you clarify it in a few pungent phrases?" I am asked.

At present, the conditions of labour in the hotel, restaurant and café business are very bad, compared with those in other industries.

Ernest Bevin's plan, on which all the Members of the Government agree, is to appoint a Commission which, where necessary, would set up wages boards before which pay, hours, rest times and holidays could be fixed.

That, very briefly, summarises the main proposal. Already, the mining industry—masters and men alike—has voluntarily agreed to such a scheme.

But the catering industry objects to any interference in its affairs. It resents any obligations to keep records.

Particularly is it cross because the Bill gives the Wages Board powers to investigate its "efficiency and development."

Yet we all know that, compared with foreign hotels and restaurants, Britain's are far behind.

SHOULD WE, TOO, CLOSE OUR SHOPS?

● Germany, short of man-power, has closed all its unnecessary shops.

Britain, not so short of man-power, but short, is still allowing luxury shops to keep open, shops that use labour needed in the factories.

The plain truth is that we cannot have it both ways. If we close down every shop that is not selling food or other essentials, we should lose a great deal of Income Tax.

So far, the Government has tried to maintain a balance between the demands of the Ministry of Labour and the needs of the Treasury.

We are trying, indeed, to stop unnecessary trade and to let it go on, both at the same time.

This mix-up dates back, as do many others, to the Cabinet's cowardice in not insisting on the war time nationalisation of all lives and property, made legal, amid the nation's cheers, on **May 22, 1940.**

HUMAN MACHINE

WORTH WHILE

A famous Bishop once said that temper was nine-tenths of Christianity.

Certainly the man who can keep his temper, even under severe provocation, has learned one of the most valuable lessons life has to teach.

The man who loses his temper easily is more than a fool; he is anybody's game.

There are people who think that unfailing good temper is a sign of softness, or weakness. How wrong they are.

It is a sign of a mind at peace with itself, a mind that has achieved a real philosophy of life, that knows well the power of goodwill, of kindness, of tolerance.

Just as bad temper is an active and malignant form of self-expression that nothing can excuse, so good temper is also an active form of self-expression. It is sympathetic, enthusiastic, and *outward* looking; it is the bad tempered person who is introspective, selfish, cynical and egotistic.

If Machines Spoke Back!

THE other day in the Underground station at Victoria, I wanted a threepenny ticket to Mansion House. There was a long queue at the booking-office. There was nobody at the slot-machines. And my smallest coin was sixpence.

So I went to the slot-machines.

Over one slot on the threepenny machine it said, "Insert sixpence here." Over another slot it said, "Ticket and change here."

I put in the sixpence. The machine gave me my ticket and three pennies.

I stood off and looked at the machine.

The machine wasn't new to me. I've known it for years. But this was the first time I had ever taken any notice of it.

Another man came along and gave it sixpence and got his ticket and three pennies. He ignored the machine altogether. He grabbed his ticket and change and dashed away about his own selfish business.

By the time I went on my way a couple of dozen people had treated that machine with the sublimest contempt.

I decided that we do not deserve the wonderful machines which serve us in a daily life

Lawn-mowers, water-softeners, escalators, light switches, gas-meters, radio sets. Thousands of things. What do we care about them? Each is either something for us to ignore or "that dreadful thing that's gone wrong again."

We may kick a lawn-mower when it doesn't cut the grass properly. But when it does we let it get on with it without so much as a "Thank you."

Because, you may say, they are impersonal things which wouldn't understand a "Thank you" if they got one?

Quite. But behind every invention is an inventor, and surely we are being rude to the inventor when we are rude to his invention.

Who invented the lawn-mower? Can you say. I can't.

Yet we're interested in politicians, who, I am convinced, do less for us than the men who invented ticket-and-change machines or splinterless glass.

I'm waiting for the day when I shall put sixpence in the threepenny slot at Victoria and, after being kept waiting for a minute or so, hear a loud mechanical voice bellowing out of an interior loudspeaker:

"*First say 'Please'!*" A. G.

A SLICE OF LIFE

★

By WALDO KELLAR

THE PINK SLIP OF PAPER

FREDERICKS admits that when he reached the glittering glass doors of that immense office, his resolution expired like a gas-jet at the end of a poor man's last pennyworth.

He stopped and looked at his reflection in the plate-glass. His reflection looked at him with an expression of anxiety and awe.

He says that he paused, and then walked back to the lift, and pressed the button over the little panel which said DOWN. Then he realised that if he did go down he would have to come up again, because the situation was grave, and John Clark was his only hope. The lift hummed. Fredericks felt his heart leap like an antelope when a lion roars. He ran back to those glass doors and pushed them apart; plunged into the enormous ante-room of Clark Products, Ltd., and stood, gulping. The place boiled like a pot. There was a copper grille, such as banks have. This reminded Fredericks of the urgency of the matter in hand. He approached the opening over which stood the oblong marked INQUIRIES. A girl said: "Can I help you?"

"Um. . . ."

"Can I *help* you, sir?"

"Um, yes. I want to see Mr. John Clark."

"Fill this in, please." She pushed a little paper form through the opening, with a little curved smile which seemed hard and indented.

"What *is* the date?" asked Fredericks.

"Tenth, sir."

July 10, 1938, he wrote.

The girl looked at the form and handed it to a boy, who instantly ran away. Several minutes later, a woman of middle age came out of a room, and approached Fredericks with a grim smile.

"Could you tell me," she asked, "what it is you wished to see Mr. Clark about?"

"It's a, um, a personal matter," said Fredericks blushing.

"Will you take a seat?"

SHE went through avenues of typists, and the office swallowed her. But ten minutes later a tall blonde came out. She was dressed all in black, and her hand looked like brass and ivory. Then out of a mouth like red granite came the voice of a budgerigar, saying: "Mr. Clark can see you now, Mr. Fredericks. Please come this way."

He followed her. She opened a door, and said: "Mr. Frederick Fredericks, Mr. Clark." Then the door closed, quickly and quietly as a mouth.

"How are you, Fredericks?" said Clark. "Sit down."

Fredericks sat on—or rather, he fell into—a chair of deceptive depth and softness.

"Um . . . hello, Clark," he said. "Nice place here."

John Clark looked at him. A quick look would have convinced you that Clark was 6 ft. tall and weighed eighteen stone: yet he was only a small man.

There was a ponderous, portentous look about him; and his tailor's bill pinned to the lapel of his coat could not have stated more clearly than the cut of it, that Clark invested big money in his dress.

"I . . . well look," said Fredericks, with the confidential grimace of a timid man. "As a matter of fact, I wanted to ask you to do me a favour"

He affected a certain transatlantic informality; a hard, accurately cut out sloppiness. His face looked dry-cleaned.

"I, um; I, ah; I dropped in," said Fredericks.

"That's right," said Clark. "Months since we met. How're things?"

"Oh, ah, quite all right, thanks. And you? Do you——?"

"Moved in here six months ago from the Oxford Street place," said Clark. "Needed more space."

"I wanted to ask you something," said Fredericks.

"Ah," said Clark. "Oh. Yes?"

"I . . . well look," said Fredericks, with the confidential grimace of a timid man. "As a matter of fact, I wanted to ask you to do me a favour. You . . . I . . ."

CLARK said: "Why, Fredericks old man! We were at school together. And don't think I've forgotten what you did for me four or five years ago. Speak up. Things are toughish now. But whatever I can do. . . . Anything except money, which I haven't got."

"You're very kind. You see, I happen to be in a kind of predicament."

"Ah?"

"I mean . . . um . . . I've been having a little trouble with my, ah, bank."

"Ah? Ah?"

"I have an overdraft, you see. Oh—but it's covered, fully covered, Clark! Insurance policies, everything. Only, you see, in the meantime. . . . Well, you see, I can't go beyond a certain sum."

"You're lucky to be able to afford an overdraft," said Clark.

Fredericks nodded; then shrugged.

"Yesterday," he said, "I had to give my landlord a cheque. We've just come to London. We're moving into a new place. And as you know, Beryl is ill."

"Is she? *I* didn't know.

"I paid out a cheque for ten pounds. I expected to pay in enough to cover it this morning, but I'm afraid I shan't have the money until the twelfth. The day after to-morrow, I'll have it then, really I shall!"

"You know my motto: 'Neither a borrower nor a lender be,'" said Clark. "On principle, I wouldn't lend it to you, for the simple reason that I don't want to lose your friendship."

"Yes, Clark, I know that," said Fredericks. "But I don't want to borrow anything."

"If . . . don't be offended . . . if you could give me *your* cheque for ten pounds, I could pay your cheque into my bank, and I'd be covered until the day after to-morrow.

"As long as *something's* paid in, you see. . . . And by the time the cheque I gave you was presented, I'd have enough in my bank to meet it."

"Say it wasn't," said Clark.

Fredericks flushed. "I never owed any man a penny," he said, "and I never cheated anybody in my life."

"Sit down," said Clark. "Don't be so excitable."

Clark took out a cheque-book. Fredericks saw the fresh pink of the top cheque, but he felt very miserable.

"I'll do it," said Clark, picking up his pen. "But you know, Fredericks old man, this isn't the way to go about things. You ought to *develop* something—*get* something—that *something*. Look at me. I'm the same age as you are. But I could lay my hand on. . . . Well, never mind that. I could. . . . But you go plodding along, from hand to mouth.

"*I'm* not married. But *you* had to go and. . . . Oh well. For old time's sake. It's not in my nature to forget a friend. Specially one who did me. . . . Well—no use raking up old. . . . Would you like it made out to *Cash*? Or *F. Fredericks*?"

"Anything," said Fredericks, taking out his own little blue cheque-book. "And you?"

"Oh, *John Clark*. You needn't bother to cross it." Clark poised his pen. "Ten. . . . What are we to-day? July Ten? Ten Pounds you said?" He wrote. Then he picked up the little blue cheque, scrutinised it, and put it in his pocket.

Fredericks pocketed Clark's pink cheque hurriedly, and rose.

"Thanks," he said.

"That's all right."

"Good-bye, Clark, and thank you very much."

"Not at all. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, and thanks!"

As Fredericks hurried out he heard Clark shout: "Look, Miss Parker: If that man comes here again tell him I can't——"

THE door closed. Fredericks walked fast. He was full of a stale flatness, a grey melancholy, a twilight. It was nearly closing-time when he reached the bank.

The teller said: "I beg your pardon, sir, but there's a mistake. This cheque is dated 1918."

Fredericks said: "Oh, are you sure?" And when the teller said that he was quite sure—1918—it was plainly to be seen—Fredericks put Clark's cheque back in his pocket and went back.

But he paused again before those glittering glass doors; thought of the grille, the girl, the woman, the brass blonde secretary, and of Clark. And he went away again: and this time the lift was waiting. Fredericks sank down past five floors—went down and went out.

He wrote to Clark, enclosing the pink cheque.

Four years have passed. Clark has not yet replied. Poor Fredericks has lent Clark ten pounds. He will never get it back.

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Voice of the Troops

BORN in India, where his father saw service, Pte. A. T. Balchin, now serving with the R.A.M.C., has had an opportunity to visit his birthplace. He writes to his mother at College Road, Newport, I. of W.:

I am writing this from Bangalore, which we reached after a five days' journey. On the way I managed to get in a few hours at New Delhi, also a day at Madras, where I had a look round the fort, and saw our old house, which looked just the same as I saw it when a kid.

The old barracks has not changed, and it seemed very much the same as when I had seen Dad go marching off to duty.

Went to evening service at Trinity Church, and the singing seemed to bring back those far-off yesterdays when we lived here.

THEY'RE STILL LOOKING

The "Three Card Trick" was bound to make its appearance in the desert, with the astonished natives trying to "Find the Lady." Pte. Robert Bradshaw (Signals), M.E.F., writes to a friend at Eccleston Lane, Prescot, Lancs:

A few of the boys were willing away an half-hour playing the "Three Card Trick," or what is known as "Find the Lady" (the Queen). Even the desert has its mugs!

Four Arab camel drivers arrived complete with their "Ships of the Desert." ——, who must have served his apprenticeship on the race-trains, soon had the Arabs thoroughly interested.

The betting became brisk as the Arabs became confident that they could find the "Lady." One of them placed a string of beads and murderous-looking knife on a card which seemed a certainty, but wasn't!

But the Arabs were still keen! In a short time —— had won two baby camels, several strings of beads, silk scarves, knives, bracelets, and enough assorted oddments to stock a curio-shop.

Having taught the natives a lesson not to gamble, the winnings were handed back to the Arabs, who evidently thought —— was a "a great guy."

They passed on convinced that the cards were "charmed"—they were, but —— was the charmer!

PARADISE

After a year spent amidst sand, sand and still more sand, L/Cpl. L. J. Row has now reached Ceylon, which in comparison is like Paradise. He writes to his wife at Blythswood Road, Goodmayes, Essex:

Lessons at the open-air schools alongside the main road come to a standstill when our trucks go by. The children stand up and give Churchill's "V" for Victory sign, and shout greetings at the top of their voices.

As there are quite a lot of our vehicles passing the schools every day, the teachers must have a trying time!

Fishing with a hook and a piece of string is a grand pastime here. One of the Indians we have with us caught seven large fish in as many minutes this morning, so we are likely to have fish-and-chips for our tea.

There is talk of our party going hunting to-night, as it is the "Hunters' Moon."

I am not sure what we are to hunt, but if we manage to get anything eatable it will be much appreciated.

This place on the edge of a jungle would make an ideal spot for a camping holiday, except that food and water have to be brought from about thirty miles away.

The mail arrives—somewhere in the Desert

There is also a little monkey trouble in these parts. Thousands of them kick up a terrific din at sunset.

NOTE THIS, TOJO!

L./Sgt. A. Lobb, serving in India, has a good word to say for the native troops in a letter to a friend at Oakworth Road, Keighley, Yorks:

The Indian soldiers had clubbed together and bought a goat. Why, I don't know, but it seems to afford them endless amusement, and they have taught it many tricks.

George, the goat, now answers bugle-call, and never misses a parade.

During the course of my work here I come into contact with many Indian lads, and, believe me, they are grand chaps: cheerful, likeable and willing to undertake the most arduous tasks without a grouse.

THE NAVY KNOWS

A W.R.A.F., serving as balloon operator at a port "somewhere in Britain," had a good time when the girls were entertained by the Navy. She writes to her mother at Holmfirth, Yorks:

Three of our balloon crew were invited to "look round" a cruiser which had come into port for repairs after two years at sea.

The Navy knows all about hospitality, and we had the most interesting afternoon of our lives, winding up with High Tea in the Petty Officers' Mess.

Then we invited the Navy, or part of it, to come to our party on shore that evening—and it was a party! A good time was definitely had by all.

WASHING-DAY

On the way out East, Cpl. A. F. Fowlds finds washing-day on board ship a desperate business. He writes to his wife at Silver Lane, West Wickham, Kent:

To-day is washing-day and I am relaxing after my efforts. If you want a few hints on what to avoid, here they are:

Having obtained a large household scrubbing-brush, when the other fellow wasn't looking; lay the garment flat on the deck, when you can find a spare piece, and begin to scrub vigorously, using as little soap as possible.

Do not be dismayed if no lather is obtained. The water is cold, so don't expect too much. Also the lack of lather will cause you to scrub all the harder.

Rinse all the articles thoroughly in the dirty water used for swabbing the deck, then hang out to dry on rope, line or hawser.

Above all, keep your temper and so avoid throwing the whole damned lot overboard.

To sum up: it is essential to keep your eye (1) on your own soap to avoid losing it, (2) on other people's soap, in case you tread on it, (3) on your washing after you have finished it, otherwise you will finish with one sock, half a towel in place of your nice new one, and no pants.

BEAT 'EM ALL

The journey out to Gibraltar is far more exciting than a pleasure cruise. L./Bdr. W. Bonner, now stationed on "The Rock," writes to a friend at Dickens Drive, Laindon, Essex:

We were within a few days of our destination when a U-boat spotted us and the fun began. We dodged about all over the place, until our aircraft dropped something which put paid to the nuisance.

Next morning enemy aircraft appeared straight ahead of us. Our ack-ack fire was very lively; then our 'planes got busy. After two hours Jerry had "gone away" with his tail well down.

In the afternoon they came at us again, but they did not seem very keen on the job, and our boys got the best of that scrap quite easily.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

DIRTY service of food in many works canteens is a menace to health. Much of the great increase in gastric troubles is due to bad cooking in these places.—W. Wallace, Renton, Scotland.

★ ★ ★

Army signallers recently ran a copper 'phone wire past my cottage, but did not bother to take it away when the "exercise" was over. When I mentioned this waste of valuable material a signaller said "it didn't matter." Does it?—"War Worker," Abergele, N. Wales.

★ ★ ★

Would you believe it? I have just seen an official form requiring the cost per head in pence, worked out to two places of decimals! No wonder we need an army of administrative clerks.—G. F., High Road, Tottenham, N.

★ ★ ★

A young women in smart uniform called to inquire if I was interested in a new soap. Surely there is better employment available for young women than door-to-door canvassing.—E. M. D., Victoria Road, Liverpool.

Rationalisation of milk deliveries is all right, but there are quite as many bakers and coalmen delivering in the same streets. Why not rationalise them, too?—Mrs. C. King, Farnborough, Hants.

★ ★ ★

Compelling sellers to ticket fancy goods with the pre-war price in addition to present price would be an eye-opener. It would deter people from wasting their money and prevent profiteering.—Mr. A. Race, Sheffield.

★ ★ ★

Can anything be done to speed up the Air Mail service to and from our boys in India? Letters costing 2s. 6d. to send are taking longer by air than by sea! This is not good enough.—Mrs. Fox, Vanderbilt Road, London, S.W.18.

★ ★ ★

The housewife has to clothe herself and buy household linen out of her twenty clothing coupons, while single girls have the same number to spend on themselves alone. Housewives should have an extra "Household" coupon card.—Mrs. Morris, Griffithstown, Mon.

NO NEED TO BE ASHAMED OF BLUSHING

says HUMANIST

QUITE a dozen letters have reached me this week from young people who want to know the cause of blushing and how to prevent it.

Most people are aware that the blood-vessels are controlled by muscles which are controlled by nerves; but nobody can explain why words of praise or looks or criticism affect our physical make-up.

Here is a typical letter:

"My trouble is not stammering but blushing," *writes a married woman.* "It is a real handicap to me, and instead of getting better I get worse and worse.

"I have tried digging my toes in my shoes and saying to myself: 'Don't be silly,' but it is no use. I am twenty-seven and married, and surely I should have grown out of it by this time?

"I have noticed that some people don't bother to talk to me a second time when I have blushed. Is it because it makes them uncomfortable, too?

I could quote plenty of letters from young men and women in their teens about the same handicap. Most of them grow out of it as they get accustomed to mixing with people; but some readers never appear to lose the habit.

It is all due to self-consciousness, of course, just as stammering is. If any readers imagine that there is some magic formula for curing the trouble I shall have to undeceive them.

Blushing cannot be cured by trying not to blush. The victims would do better if they did not try at all—if they gave up trying and accepted it as part of their nature.

Self-conscious people are always in a state of tension, and this is very exhausting. If they could only relax completely for ten minutes a day it would do them a world of good.

It is stupid to go through life thinking "What sort of impression am I making? What will they think about me?"

The self-conscious man who has to propose a toast at a wedding can't stop himself from blushing by sheer will power; but if he thinks, not about himself but about his speech, he may hardly blush at all.

In any case, blushing is nothing to be ashamed of. If we turned blue, green or yellow instead of a pleasant shade of pink or red we might be excused for worrying about it.

There are occasions when one would be ashamed not to blush. Need we apologise for being sensitive instead of brazen? I think not.

A DIFFERENT type of problem comes from a young man who wants to travel.

"Years ago," *he says,* "I considered a steady job the main thing in life, but now I have got it I believe I was mistaken. I have come to see the futility of slogging at a monotonous job with little prospect of advancement.

"I have a craving to go to South Africa or South Australia, with its warm dry climate, and would like to know

★ *If you are in doubt write to Humanist, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).*

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★ It's astonishing how many people still do not fully realise what it means to get Convoys through to Russia by the Icy Hell of the Arctic Route. Of course, the need for secrecy prevents much being told, but this glimpse will stir you

They Made Jokes in Hell of Ice!

WORST enemy of this lifeline is the oldest known to sailors and ships—the elements at their grimmest.

And it is faced with few of the seamen used to such seas! In ships, except for the whaler, minesweepers and corvettes, never built for such service!

There's the battle with hammers and pickaxes against ice formation that coats ships so fast and thick that they threaten to become dangerously top-heavy.

There's fog and snow the men half pray for to screen them from observation and attack—and half curse as they struggle in darkness to keep stations with the swarm of other unlit ghost-ships around them.

Arctic lifeline! What a story is behind those two vivid words!

Papered with Ice

Part of it I heard from the Master at Arms of one escort ship which has been on this Arctic run.

Round and rosy, this jolly sailor laughed away the rigours of the run as we sat in his cabin. Not long before its outer wall had been "papered" by a foot of ice.

"Even my camera froze up," he explained apologetically, as he showed me some rather blurred photographs of towering icebergs threatening collision with his ship.

One of his unpleasantest, though least harmful, experience was in the dead of night when he was shaken out of his sleep by thunderous pounding that seemed to be crushing the ship to bits.

First he thought they'd been rammed or torpedoed. Then, with relief, he recognised that the crunching against the ship's side was caused by floating pack-ice. They were in a field of it.

The cold at times was so intense, it was painful to move about, even when protected by the heavy woollen and waterproof clothing provided for jobs like this.

Snow and spray on the decks became sheets of ice. Sand and cinders were thrown down to reduce the risk of slipping up.

Glassy Passages

Even interior passage ways became glassy. One of the marvels was the alacrity with which men got along them—and the narrow, steep, steel ladders leading up the hatchways at the call to "Action Stations!"

"In seconds they were along those gangways and through the hatches, despite their cumbersome kit, and none of those hundreds of men ever seemed to get in each other's way," said the Master at Arms.

"Many were civilian-sailors who'd joined up since the war. We old-timers were a bit anxious to see how they'd behave under their first air attack.

"They went mad with excitement and enthusiasm. When the 'Jerries' at first cruised round just out of range, they kept shouting, 'Come on, come closer, let's get a pot at you!'"

And they made jokes about eyebrows, moustaches and beards frozen solid.

They even had fun when using steam hoses to thaw out potatoes turned hard as stones!

It was around seventy degrees in the water. Probably an immersed man would not survive for half an hour.

Speediest rescue was necessary, as it also was for descending catapult-'plane pilots. The intense cold seemed to numb mind as well as limbs; there was an insidious risk of one's losing interest in one's rescue.

No wonder that when Russian women, braving such conditions, were rescued from a sunken Soviet ship, our British Admiral told them: "I'm proud to meet such people as you."

Of course, there was plenty of off-duty diversion, especially in ships with a cinema and organised games of Tombola. Both meant a crowded room with men packed like sardines, helping them to keep warm!

At Tombola, played on three days a week ("Jerry" permitting) and the only authorised game of chance in the Navy, each player had a sheet bearing fifteen numbers in different sequence, five in a line.

The first to get a line complete, corresponding with numbers drawn from a bag, won a third of the pool after a percentage was deducted for the canteen fund.

Then, when somebody's fifteen numbers first corresponded with those called, he won the remaining two-thirds of the pool, on average £5 or £6.

Increased Frostbite Risk

Once ashore at Murmansk, with the strict discipline aboard ship relaxed, frostbite risk increased for the unwary, though strong warning was impressed on every man.

Returning from shore, one party's boat broke down. Quickly they were got aboard ship, but most were frostbitten, one fatally.

They could not give him a shore burial. It'd have taken three days to thaw out the earth. And lighting a bonfire to do so, might have attracted enemy bombers.

Our merchant seamen pay high tribute to Russian doctors and nurses at Murmansk.

Four torpedoed in a blizzard, then in an open boat for four days, were spotted by a Soviet 'plane, rescued by a warship and taken to hospital. All lost limbs through frostbite.

The Germans blitzed the port as ships unloaded. One bomb, just missing the hospital ward where the men lay, blasted window glass on to their beds.

Those Nurses

"Our nurses, never leaving our sides, make a joke of it, laughing to cheer us as we couldn't understand a word," said the men.

"Going from ambulance to ambulance, a woman doctor cried with joy on finding that some of our chaps who'd left the hospital, then been torpedoed again, were rescued and brought back to her care."

When the bombing got worse, these sailors—"John Bulls" the Russians called them—were removed to Archangel.

Here their liveliest comforters were a doctor who sang to them "Tipperary" and "Pack Up Your Troubles"; and a woman from besieged Leningrad who organised competitions, with cigarettes as prizes.

They gave these Russians a bouquet when parting: "We're proud to have suffered for people like you." And a promise: "Those of us who can, will soon be back here in the fight again"!

Back with their merchant comrades and the Royal Navy, keeping open the lifeline through the Great White Way—a story so shrouded in the mists of secrecy and silence that only glimpses of it can yet be revealed!

JOHN CASHEL.

This ship gives you some idea of what it is like

PATIENCE

PATIENCE isn't resignation, waiting for what may befall,
Patience isn't sitting calmly underneath Life's sheltering wall.
Patience is a deep assembling of the wisest things hearts hold,
Patience writes each word with courage in Life's book till all be told.

PATIENCE isn't letting others do those things we ought to do, Patience isn't stepping sideways while others force a clear way through. Patience isn't waiting calmly while we get our problems solved, Patience isn't being silent when speech with courage is involved.

PATIENCE isn't shirking living while we wait for better days,
Patience has no shelves of comfort built for us on which to laze.
Patience is Life's Path constructed so it leads to Heaven's Gate. Patience is the soul in action though the body seems to wait.

J. M.

FOOD FACTS

MILK under the National Milk Scheme now simpler to get

From February 7th the following alterations take place in the National Milk Scheme :—

1 *All children* holding the green R.B.2 Ration Books are automatically entitled to 7 pints of milk a week at 2d. per pint. No need to apply to the Food Office for this benefit.

2 *Expectant Mothers* can also get 7 pints of milk a week at 2d. per pint. Get an authorization from the Food Office.

3 *Children holding green Ration Books*, and expectant mothers, may have *free* milk if the family income is below a certain level. Apply at the Food Office for details.

If milk of special quality is requested which is more expensive, the extra cost must be paid by the recipient.

National Dried Milk—Children under 12 months can still get National Dried Milk instead of liquid milk. Apply to the Food Office.

—and VITAMINS TOO

1 Now all children *with green Ration Books* may have Fruit Juice as well as Cod Liver Oil.

2 So important are the vitamins contained in Cod Liver Oil and Fruit Juice that a baby needs them before he is born. *So expectant mothers* can now obtain them too.

3 Coupons to last up to July 24th for Fruit Juice and Cod Liver Oil can be obtained from the Food Office.

4 If you are entitled to *free* milk you will also get *free* vitamins. Otherwise the price is 10d. a bottle for Cod Liver Oil and 5d. for Fruit Juice. Get 5d. or 2½d. stamps from the Post Office. Stick stamps on the vitamin coupons and produce them at the Centre. Then you'll get your supplies.

WHEN YOU APPLY TO THE FOOD OFFICE
for authorizations and coupon pages, don't forget to take or send the Ration Book. Expectant mothers must also take a medical certificate (unless one which continues to be valid after February 6th has already been submitted to the Food Office).

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING AT 8.15

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 136

THERE'S SUNSHINE IN V.P.

Month after month on the slopes of Empire vineyards, the sunshine of the south has warmed and ripened the grapes whose juice gives its character to V.P. wines. Here is the secret of their sustaining quality; their strength and body. Never before have such good wines been produced in this country. Every bottle of V.P. is worthy of the special occasions for which in these days it is reserved.

British wines have been fermented and matured in the wood at the Vine Products vintnery in Surrey since the early days of this century. The wines bottled by Vine Products Limited include V.P. RICH RUBY, V.P. SWEET WHITE and V.P. BRITISH SHERRY all at 5/6 a bottle.

POINT VP BRAND

BRITISH WINES

LAST LAUGH

W. G. (Glasgow).—"I recently found a bottle of poisonous pellets in the street." We trust you resisted the temptation to pass them on to your mother-in-law as tonic pills.

D. McD. (Inverness).—"What dish can beat a haggis?" Restrictions of space prevent us from printing a list.

D. A. G. (Frinton).—"The sound made by a gun when it fires is caused by the dislocation of the air." The sound made by a dance band when it jazzes a classic is due to the same cause.

D. L. (Highgate).—"A new postage stamp issued in Germany bears the heads of Hitler and Mussolini, and the inscription, Two Peoples—One Battle." It is not known exactly how long the people will stick it.

D. B. (Barnet).—"According to a U.S. soldier, there are no frills about the Englishman." Well, there certainly should be fewer now that non-p.t.u. trousers are worn.

B. M. (Colchester).—"A pipe smoker claims that he has discovered a method of making his tobacco go farther." We know. A churchwarden.

F. G. (Hornsey).—"The Baking Trade Board proposes that women bakers shall receive full male rates if they perform duties normally done by men." This seems fair, as they probably knead the dough as much as the men.

AMATEUR MAGICIAN (Hove).—"For my new illusion all that is needed is a top hat and two rabbits." A really expert magician would require only the hat.

S. M. (Uxbridge).—"The ukelele is not a soulful instrument." We agree. Never, even when listening to the most talented performer, have we got the impression that he is plucking at our heart-strings, too.

P. B. (Harringay).—"Foreigners are puzzled by English humour." They just *can't* see what is funny about a Wigan plumber eating kippers in Southend and telling an Aberdeen story to his mother-in-law.

G. L. (Leeds).—"Mr. Clark Gable shaved off his moustache before joining the U.S. Army." Probably it is now pasted in the autograph book of some lucky young collector.

D. B. C. (Windsor).—"I used to play what was regarded as the longest stringed instrument." But not now, of course. It is forbidden to sound church bells in war time.

OLD BILL WITH THE AMERICANS

"I knows mud pretty good, mate, but this 'ere's new to me. Maybe they imports it special for aerodromes." (Answer Censored)

Side-Slips

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS :—"There was no clothing under the SEA on which H———, the driver was sitting."

BIRKENHEAD NEWS :—". . . pleaded guilty to ten summonses based on the previous cases, for selling marmalade to UNRECOGNISED customers."

BELFAST TELEGRAPH :—"Regarding the constantly accelerated rate of U.S. naval LAUGHINGS, Col. K—— says . . ."

DAILY HERALD :—". . . and thanked the Mayor, who is a MINOR, for coming after he had been working in the pit all day."

BOLTON EVENING NEWS :—". . . the question of permitting the ringing of CHURCH BALLS on Christmas morning was under consideration."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Two old-age pensioners, Mr. and Mrs. Cherry, are making a brave struggle to keep out of debt on their slender income. When war came their two sons joined the Forces. One is reported "missing," the other is a prisoner of war.

Some time ago their father met with a serious accident, crushing both legs, and is now a permanent cripple. Added to this, his wife is continually ailing.

Helpless old people such as these require warm rooms to live in. This small comfort is practically impossible to obtain on their old age pensions and small supplementary allowance, now that they are deprived of the financial help which their sons were able to contribute to the upkeep of the home.

Will you send a donation to help these needy old people? Donations earmarked "Cherry," or for our General Fund, should be sent to the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send us donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

1st PRIZE £50—'BULLETS' 1,300

W. Wilson, 43, Reed Street, South Shields, for this "Bullet":—
MUST BE A RECORD
WINSTON'S TRAVELS—GOEBBELS' "RAMBLINGS."

£20 : Pte. C. Bond, Somewhere-in-Britain. Peace-time Programme—"Music"—Meanwhile, "Into Battle"!

£10 : D. L. Webster, "Burghley," Highfield, Sidmouth, Devon. What We Don't Want—Attacks Charter "Torpedoed," Either.

£5 : C. H. Simms, 29, Surrey Rd., Reading. Victory In 1943—Joe Maintains—Maintain Joe!

£4 : S. R. Gilbert, 20, Jamaica Rd., Thornton Heath, Surrey. What We Don't Expect—Blood, Sweat And—Profiteering!

£3 : E. G. Lee, Sharabrook House, Sharabrook, Nr. Bedford. Must Be A Record—Times My Hen's Lied!

CASH & CAKES SEE OFFERS NEXT PAGE

£2 : G. Boyle, 222, Bearsden Rd., Temple, Glasgow. Kept In The Dark—But Winston's "Twinkle" Reassuring.

20s. : H. Allen, Loseley Row, Aylesburr, Bucks. From Far Baby—Bethehair—Grandpa In Muslinese!

20s. : T. Sutton, 86, Shingham, Kings Lynn. Instead Of Talking—Safeguard "Freedom Of Speech"!

20s. : E. Fouldo, Kenleigh, Healey Ave., Bingley, Yorks. The Sergeant Followed, But—Wounded Remembers His Whipper.

20s. : Mrs. E. Jarrett, "Foyle," Chapel St., Penmaenmawr. Old Hands—Speeding Advance, Delaying "Bedrement."

20s. : A. F. Sharp, 5, Montpelier Rise, Wembley. From Far Baby—Dad Wheeled Home In!

A list of 25 Winners of Celebration Cakes can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Malt Awards have also been posted.

12 BIG CHEQUES
WON IN X-WORD No. 312.

WINNING WORDS : 1. Pardon. 2. Lovely. 3. Rest. 4. Talk. 5. Grower. 6. Bold. 7. Mend. 8. Den. 9. Gel. 10. Dame. 11. Mixed. 12. Bolt. 13. Meaty. 14. Rebels or Revels.

£100 SHARERS : Sto. R. Atkins, Somewhere-in-Britain; L. Beckett, Chelmsford; T. M. Corlett, Liverpool; Mrs. L. Durant, St. Austell; S. Ellis, Harrogate; A. Goodall, Woking; Miss R. Grainger, Bradford; J. Hammett, Darlaston; F. M. Mullings, Ilford; J. Pow, Hawick; T. H. Sandy, Paignton; Mrs. M. Smith, Liverpool.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 77 entrants.

JOHN BULL'S" GREAT WAR TIME B

EVERYDAY KN IN P

JUST LIMIT

A GREAT

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNO or "In the dark"

DO YOU KNO

and the tra when you lig Have you ever Marvelled at weather? H happens when —or what tak escape a fire- how your cle washes your are made? H one see your and hear his

MILLIONS are mystified secret of wonders that them in daily life. Yo reveal them now, with t laugh. It will widen you knowledge—quicken you your children's questions day knowledge, and to a fascinating conversatio

Entirely new! "EV KNOWLEDGE IN PICTU a Lifetime of Knowledge and Reference, Diagrams, a amazing—80,000 words! pages! "John Bull" is a great Educational work at a few Pence-Pence.

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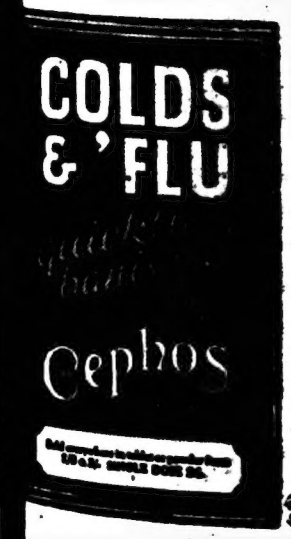

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HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

ARE YOU frequently at a loss for the right answers to questions of everyday knowledge—or "in the dark" about things that are part of your life?

DO YOU KNOW? —*the astonishing scientific wonders of transmitting messages under the sea and the tremendous story of what happens when you light the gas, switch on the light? Have you ever seen the miracle of broadcasting? Marvelled at the way experts foretell the weather? Have you ever asked yourself what happens when you post a letter, send a telegram?—or what takes place when you use a lift or sound a fire-alarm? Could you tell anybody how your clock tells the time, how the laundry washes your clothes, how gramophone records are made? Have you ever wondered how you can see your favourite film star on the screen and hear his voice?*

MILLIONS are mystified by the scores of wonders that surround them in daily life. You can unravel them now with this great book. It will widen your field of knowledge, enable you to answer your children's questions on everyday knowledge, and to become a fascinating conversationalist.

Nobody can! "EVERYDAY KNOWLEDGE IN PICTURES"—a Lifetime of Knowledge in nearly 400 drawings, diagrams, and photographs—80,000 words!—over 300 pages! "John Bull" makes this great Educational work available at a few Pence Price.

DO THIS NOW!

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My great benefit after 'Flu

How Phosferine helped in a "short and sharp attack"..

"Phosferine is giving me great benefit after a short and sharp attack of 'flu, and as I have started on a full-time job, of a type entirely new to me. I am very glad such is the case. I always take Phosferine when I need a tonic." (*Signed*) M.L.C. Bournemouth.

How often convalescents from 'flu get up only to find that the after-effects are worse than the attack itself. This is where Phosferine can be of great value. It will strengthen, brace and invigorate you... put new heart into you. Get a bottle of this really great tonic now!

1/4 (No. 1 size) & **3/3** (No. 2 size) (Including Purchase Tax)

2 *Tablets equal* 10 *drops*

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

Secret Agents!

The trouble about fuel-wastage is that no one sees it going on—only the waster! Yet in every coal-cellar where a scuttle is needlessly filled, in every bathroom where hot water is run to waste, *the enemy is at work!*

What do I do...?

I remember that fuel-saving is not just the "duty of the nation"; it is MY duty.
Even with weather getting really cold, I stick manfully to my small fires, banked with "slack" whenever possible.
And I remember that a good hot bath is one of these tin than five i...

Issued by the Ministry of
Space presented to the Nation by
the Brewers' Society

CASH and CAKES for JOHN BULL READERS!

£125 X-WORD PRIZES VALUE OVER

£100 1st PRIZE and RUNNERS-UP SHARE AWARDS VALUE £25

50 BIG 4lb. FRUIT CAKES

Xword No. 312 Result Page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot

TRY John Bulls 10-MINUTE XWORD No 316

CLUES Answer every clue by ordering letter in entry column.	3d Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3d	3d	3d
1 CANDIDATE OFTEN USED CAR FOR THIS DODGING ELECTION	TOU	I	NG	
2 NUTS CAN BE THIS TO SERVE AS FOOD	SAL	E	D	
3 AT FIRST GLANCE MAY EASILY BE MISTAKEN FOR A RAT		O	LE	
4 OFTEN THE MEANS OF LETTING OFF STEAM	RAG			
5 HE'S AN EXCEPTIONAL MUDDLEHEAD WHO GETS ON WELL WITH		R	IG	
6 YOU WON'T FIND STEADY DRINKER UNSTEADY ON	PIN			
7 HOW THEY BEHAVE DEPENDS ON HOW THEY'RE LOOKED AFTER	POR	E	RS	
8 BEWARE OF THESE WHEN YOUR SHIP COMES IN	RO	K	S	
9 LANDLORDS OFTEN FIND IT DIFFICULT TO GET WAR-TIME TENANT TO		U	IT	
10 A COMEDIAN'S BRIGHT WITTICISMS MAY BE OF THIS KIND	SAL	Y		
11 THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO PRESERVE OLD-FASHIONED PREJUDICE AGAINST		O	MP	
12 MAY WELL REMIND YOU OF DATE	PAL			
13 YOU CAN'T EXPECT FIRST-CLASS RUNNERS UNLESS YOU BUY FIRST-CLASS	S	E	D	
14 RABBITS OFTEN SEEM TO MULTIPLY QUICKLY WHEN DOING THIS	REA	I	NG	

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Mar. 13.

P.O. Value.....CLOSING POSTMARK
No. .....MONDAY MAR. 1.
Signed .....
Address.....
316

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword coupons FREE with each 6d. paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated March 6th, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

PRIZES £50 1st PRIZE £200 BULLETS 2.3 4 WORDS!

£20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 25 BIG 4lb FRUIT CAKES

1s 9d 1s 6d 1s 3d 1s 0d 10d

1,000 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Mar. 12.

BRITAIN & CO.
WHEN THINGS GET HOT
EUROPE'S JAILER
THE WAY OUT
SHOWS HE'S FINISHED
PEACE TERMS
IN PARTNERSHIP
LIFE IS PRECIOUS, SO
FOR THE AXIS
MYSTERY MAN
BEATS EVERYTHING

BULLETS 1,360 RESULT appears on page 14.

PUTTING THE BRAKE ON
RECONSTRUCTION'S SHIP
GONE WITH THE WIND
BEST ANSWER
UNCONTROLLED
ON THE RIGHT SIDE
DAD'S PLAN
ALL VERY WELL
WHAT HE DIDN'T SAY

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" as usual.

IF WE'RE NOT .....
MISSED THE .....
JUST AS HE.....
GOOD FOR .....
LIVING IN.....
PERILS OF THE.....

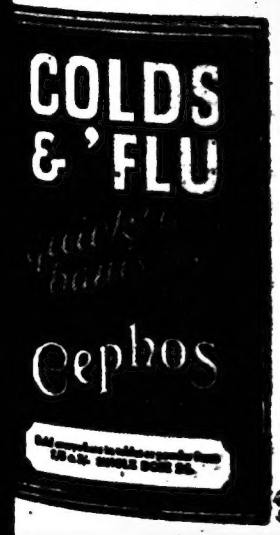
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....

P.O. or stamps entry-fee 1/- enclosed, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Mar. 13.

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,360—or Xword No. 316, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)



Nip Kiddies' Colds in the Bud

HOME MADE COUGH MEDICINE EVERY MOTHER OUGHT TO KEEP.

The Secret of stopping children's colds getting serious is a dose at the first cough or sneeze. Here is a very simple but highly effective medicine every mother ought to keep always handy.

Directions: Heat half a pint of water to which you add one ounce of Parmint (Double Strength) which is made up from ten of the most healing and soothing ingredients. You may sweeten the mixture to your own taste with any one of the following: a little sugar or syrup, or juice from jam or tinned fruit. The children simply love this mixture. Take one tablespoonful four times per day; for children use a teaspoon. You can get 1 oz. bottle of Parmint (Double Strength) at any good chemist. Cut out this recipe so as not to forget the ingredients and dosage.

ISSUED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE

6 ways to make SHOES last longer

1 Everyone who has more than one pair of shoes should wear them in turn and not keep to the same pair day after day. This gives the leather time to rest and dry thoroughly, and so makes your shoes last longer.

2

Clean shoes regularly. Remove dust and dirt before polishing and rub the polish well in. It "feeds" the leather and keeps it tough and pliable. Use dubbin to preserve heavy leather boots and to keep them waterproof.

3 Choose a *dry* day for wearing new (or newly-soled) shoes for the first time. Then they will pick up small grit which reinforces the sole surfaces and helps to resist wear.

4 Never put shoes close to a fire or radiator. Heat ruins leather. Don't sit with your feet close to a fire. Lay your damp shoes on their sides and let them dry slowly.

5 Don't let your shoes wear out too much before having them repaired. It is a mistake to go on wearing shoes until they no longer protect your feet in wet weather. Heels badly worn at edges will quickly spoil the shape of the shoes. Have them built up directly the first layer of leather is worn down.

6 Watch how your shoes are wearing. When they need repair, take the advice of your shoe repairer—he knows what is needed and what repairs he is permitted to do.

Mend and make do to save buying new

How to clean the lavatory

TO clean the lavatory thoroughly and effectively, simply sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible.

Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white!

Specially made for the lavatory, Harpic's thorough action removes all discoloration—effectively cleans, disinfects and deodorizes.

Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round the S-bend. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you don't see, as well.

Harpic is easy to use—a real boon to the housewife.

HARPIC

I'M SURE CARRYING ON

Dagenham.
Nov. 24th, 1942.

Dear Sirs,

I feel it my duty to write and tell you how grateful I am to Yeast-Vite.

I started in a job 12 months ago, and worked constantly for nearly nine months, working off colds and bronchitis. But I began to get into a bad nervous state; could not stand noise or even children playing and I always seemed to be tired.

I mentioned this to my mother. She said "*A bottle of Yeast-Vite will put you right.*". Remembering how much good the tablets did her I got a bottle and after three weeks I feel a new man—and different in all ways—and I'm sure carrying on with Yeast-Vite.

(Sgd. E. S.)

Bristol.
Nov. 20th, 1942.

Dear Sirs,

I feel bound to write and thank you for your wonderful Yeast-Vite.

My husband suffered for years with indigestion, and could not eat anything without pain. One day I came home with a bottle of Yeast-Vite Tablets. He started taking them right away and felt better at once. He can eat a good dinner now without pain.

We have told many a fellow-sufferer about them. My husband is better to-day than he has been for years. Thanking you for a wonderful remedy,

(Sgd.) Mrs. E. T.

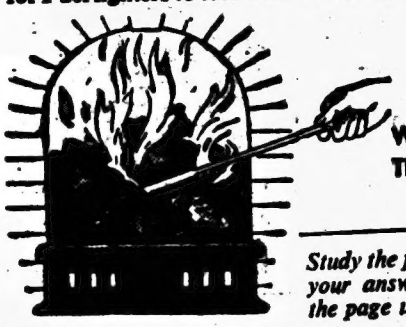
If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. YEAST-VITE tonic tablets are sold everywhere, now in TWO SIZES ONLY, price 1/4 and 3/- pay bottle, including Purchase Tax. Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford.

FUEL COMMUNIQUE

THE BATTLE FOR FUEL

FUEL PROFICIENCY TEST

Results so far show that most fighters in the Battle for Fuel have passed the recruit stage and are now seasoned troops. In the three services recruits have to pass a proficiency test and now we are asking Battle for Fuel fighters to test their own progress in this way.



WHAT IS WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

Study the picture and test your answer by turning the page upside down.

1. No fire bricks
2. Too much coal
3. Hot banked up with slack
4. Damper should be closed
5. Poker should not be used

If you are a really good fighter and pulling your full weight in the Battle for Fuel you should have spotted five errors in the picture. Now check up that all these economy points are regularly put into practice in your home.

FUEL PROFICIENCY MEANS FIGHTING

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FUEL AND POWER

TO MAINTAIN THE *Freshness of Youth*

THE secret of youthful freshness is within reach of every woman—just a nightly dose of Bile Beans.

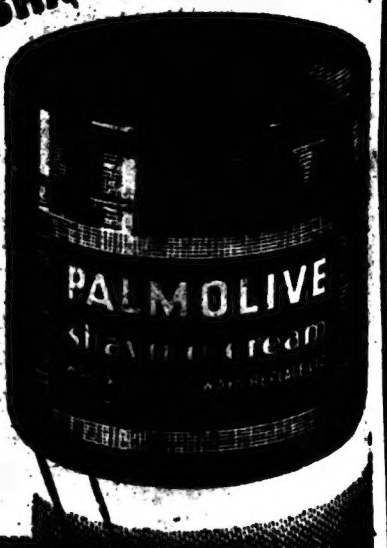
This fine tonic-laxative gently eliminates all food wastes and impurities; it improves the blood, tones up the digestion and helps the system to throw off winter sluggishness.

Your health, complexion and figure will benefit, you'll feel more vital and youthful if you make it a regular habit to

BILE BEANS
for Perfect Inner Health

Total eclipse of whiskers..

BY
PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM



Its rich, olive-oil lather gives the double luxury of a smooth shave and a soothed and comforted skin. Softening the beard in one minute, its strong bubbles—which last at least 10 minutes—keep bristles erect for the razor.

PRICES
1/6 AND 2/6
Including Tax.

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